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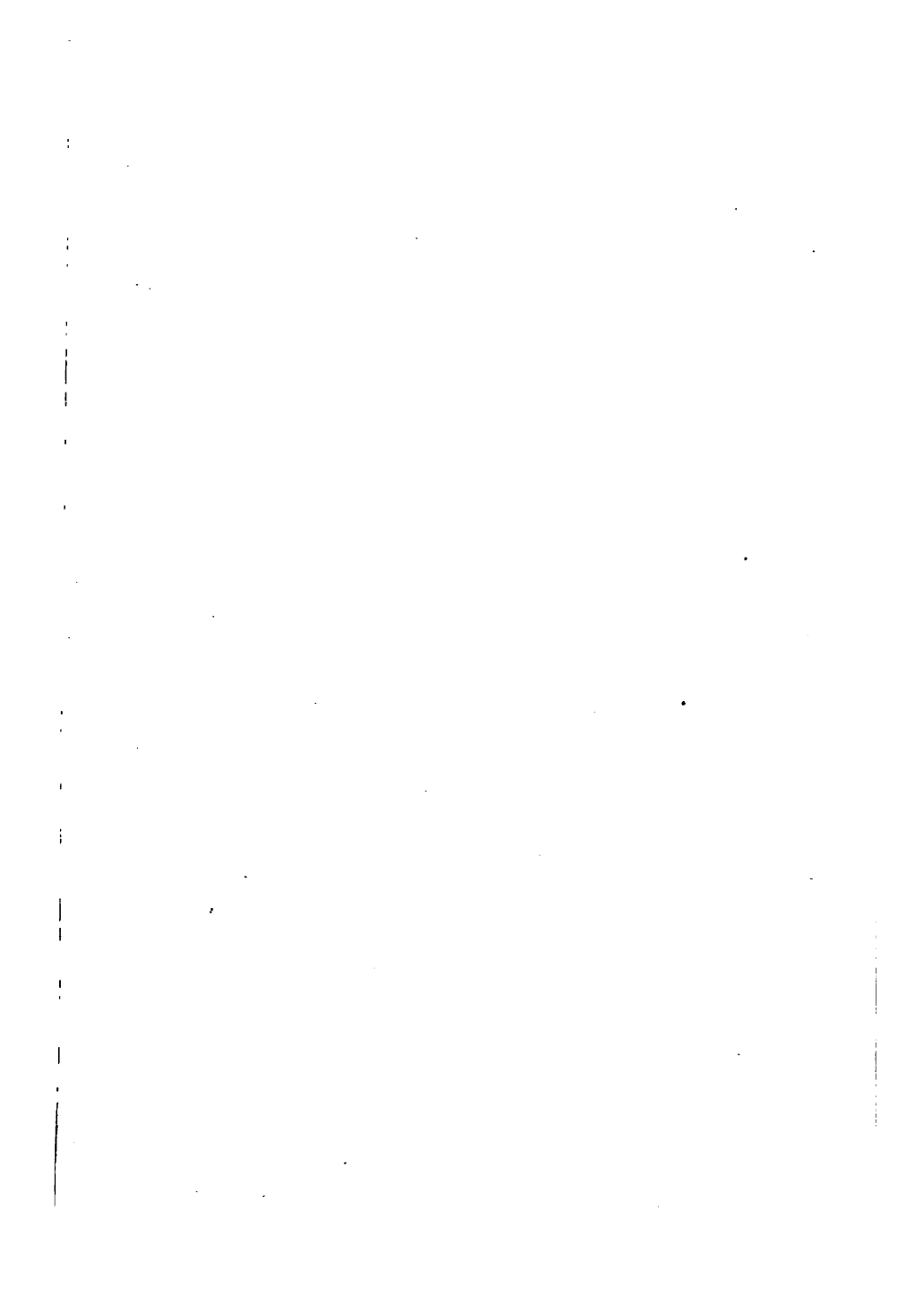
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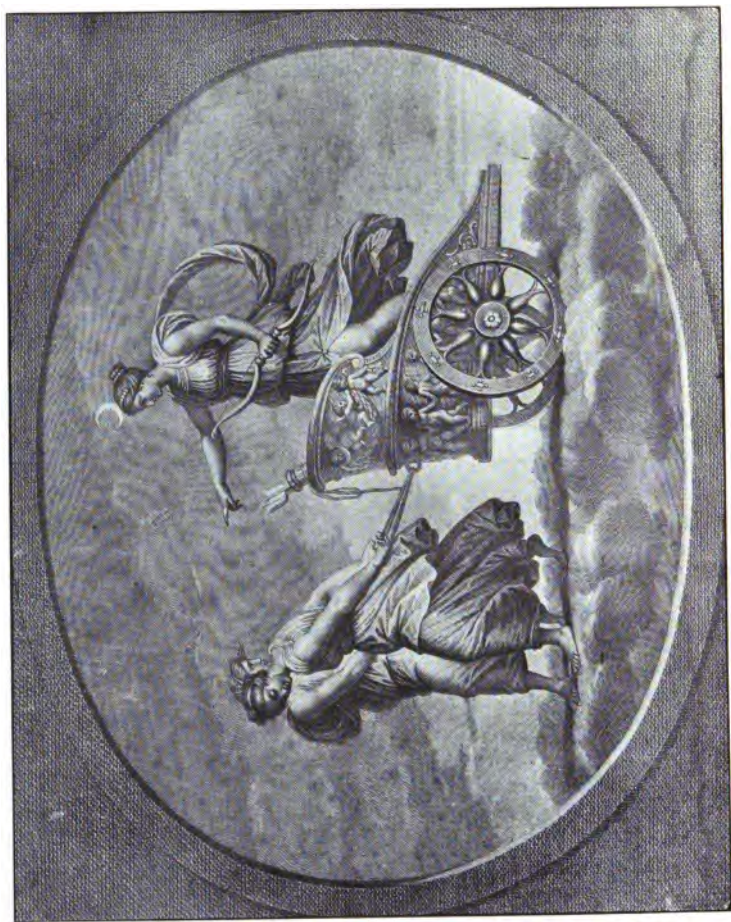


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DIANA

CLASSIC MYTHS.

GREEK,
GERMAN, AND
SCANDINAVIAN.

Retold for Primary Pupils by
MARY CATHERINE JUDD.

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1896.
SCHOOL EDUCATION COMPANY,
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June 4 50

PREFACE.

The very cordial reception given to this little book, in pamphlet form, by so many teachers and schools, has made it seem best to enlarge it, increase the number of illustrations, and bind it in more substantial form.

Much grateful acknowledgment is due Dr. J. K. Hosmer, the well known author, and the librarian of Minneapolis public library, for his assistance in obtaining new myths.

The Russian, Finnish, and Egyptian myths in this edition are, for the first time, arranged for children who use the English language.

The illustrations in this work, which have been commended as unusually fine for a child's book, were secured through the kindness of Judge T. S. Buckham, of Faribault, Minnesota,

If these stories help to attract children to the beautiful in Nature; or lead them to listen more often to the voices whispering from leaf, wave or star; or cause them to lose some of their dread of Nature's sterner tones and coarser forms; then, the mission of this book will be fulfilled.

MARY CATHERINE JUDD.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

In the earlier ages everything in nature had its myth. We have been too practical and too full of haste in these latter days, to listen to nature or to myths but let us inspire the children to do so.

Who among us has not regretted his lack of knowledge of some mythical person, in song, picture or story?

To use these myths in the schoolroom, let them follow general observation lessons on the same subject, and at times when the weather is in harmony with the lesson; but, if an order is preferred, we suggest sun, moon, stars, winds, waters, and miscellaneous.

The special directions are merely suggestive. Teachers will supplement them or substitute for them at their pleasure.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF PHÆTON—THE SUN.

Call pupils' attention to some visible action of the sun's rays. Notice how rapidly drops of water disappear from a desk on which the sun shines. Why? Where? Conceive other illustrations. What is the sun? Its color? Color of fire? Sun's effect on ice, snow, water, vegetable life. Is its influence noisy? Is great power usually quiet?

Darken the schoolroom. Why is it dark? What causes dull, or dark days? Where does sunshine come from? Does the sun always shine? Are clouds curtains? Watch a sunset, a sunrise, and talk of their colors—the colors of a single ray of sunlight, paintings of sunrise and sunset.

Why are horses pictured as drawing the chariot of day? Talk of other names for the sun and derivation of Sunday. Picture Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter as persons.

Is the sun king of the hours, the days, the months, the years, the seasons? Did the ancients know as well as we do the actual distance from the sun to the earth? Where is the Great Bear? Little Bear? Do you know a story representing a poplar or any other tree as a person.

After careful study let all the pupils reproduce the myth orally.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF DIANA—THE MOON.

Talk of the form of the moon, the sun, the earth. Would another form do as well? What makes the moon crescent shaped? Name phases of the moon; compare its size with that of the sun. Does it shine by its own light? Show reflected light by means of a mirror, globe and the sunlight. What do the spots on the moon look like to you? Who was Diana? Apollo? What did Diana do as told in the story of Phaëton? Is the moon called he or she? Some nations refer to it as masculine.—(See *Russian Myth*, "The Milky Way") By what other names is it known? Is it a living world? Tell how it looks through a telescope. Explain Monday. Teach that different nations represent their characteristics by their myths and legends:—The Norse myths teach obedience to parents; the German, religious training; and the Greek, imagination, etc. Re-read Diana, Man in the Moon. and Jack and Jill and have them reproduced orally.

Conduct frequent reviews of the lessons and the myths, and have reproductions by all the pupils, in writing, of each myth. Let each pupil copy his best story in a blank book kept for that purpose.

A record similar to this should be kept while studying these myths :—

Day	Mo. Date	Sun rises	Sun Sets	Moon phases First qr	Moon rises or sets R. 1 hr 9 m
Tuesday	Feb. 13	7 hr 3 m	5 hr 26 m		

Use the blackboard or a large sheet of paper. The chalk marks on the blackboard can be preserved a long time, if the chalk is dipped in mucilage before they are drawn.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF JUPITER—THE STARS.

What is a star? Notice the morning star. Evening star. Watch for the rising of other stars. Do all come at once? What time does the evening star seem to rise? Where is the Milky Way? Who among the pupils has seen the stars or moon through a telescope or field glass? Are stars all one color? Are all one kind? If the earth is a planet like Jupiter and Venus, does it shine like them also? Are we then living on a star? Name all the larger planets.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF WINDS AND WATER.

What is wind? Where is air found? Notice direction of wind either by smoke from chimneys or by weather vanes.

Teach directions by using compass, or by making one of a magnetized knitting needle, suspended by being thrust through a cork and hung by a silk thread. It will point to the north.

Talk about the prevailing wind for the morning. If from the South tell of the people who live in that direction. Make daily record of the direction of wind. Mention the quieting effect of the South Wind.

Legend of the North Wind. Talk of the North Wind. Why cold? Talk of migration of birds. Tell of the Eskimos.

Have children notice the effect of winds on the temperature. Have them make inquiries of parents as to which winds bring the most storms.

East Wind, Myth of Mercury. What lies to the East of us? Does the East Wind bring to you storms or fair weather? How far is the East from the West? West Wind is a friend of Flora, Queen of Spring. Read Tennyson's Lullaby (*Page 16*).

Make an Æolian harp. A simple one can be made by using the window-sill or a pine board to fit it. Put eight screweyes, screws or tacks at either end of this board about one inch apart. Number them A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. From A at one end to the opposite A draw a single silk thread. From B to B draw a double silk thread and so on through the eight, adding one thread for each additional key or screweye, twisting the thread. When all are fastened, support the threads near the middle with two bridges of wood. Make the bridges about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch high at one end, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. at the other, using a thin strip of wood for the bridge. The wind blowing across these threads will make charming music.

FOR THE LESSON ON WATER.

What brings the rain? What color are storm clouds? Why? What is rain? Hail? Snow? Where can one see the rainbow after a storm? What is the name of the goddess of the rainbow? What were the birds that shot the arrows? Who was the King of the Waters? Of the Winds?

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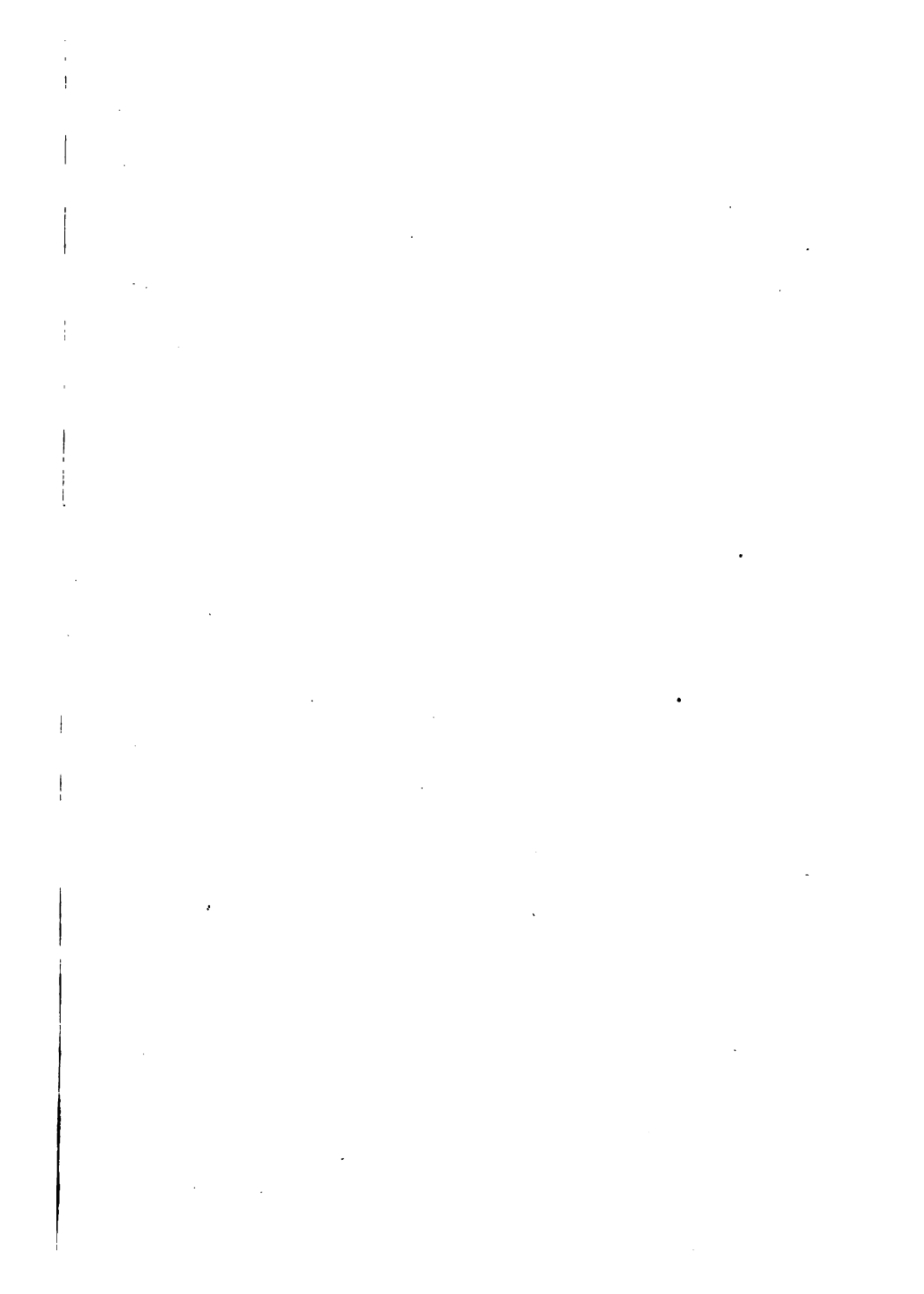
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The boy went out and found his sheep and drove it fast away but he forgot about the inn-keeper, and, may be, that stick is pounding him to this day.

KING NEPTUNE AND THE WINDS AND WATERS.

"Mamma, when papa came back from South America he told such a queer story about the sailors masking. What holiday was it? And what did they do it for?"

"That must have been, Charlie, when the ship crossed the line, or the equator as you call it in the geography class. I do remember his telling about King Neptune and his tritons."

"What did the sailors do, mamma?"

"Why, one dressed to represent Neptune, another as a famous water god, and the rest masked as his followers. They were given presents by the passengers on the ship and it was a grand holiday."

"But who is King Neptune and where does he live, mamma?"

"People used to really believe that Neptune was King of all the waters on the earth, Char-

KING NEPTUNE AND THE WINDS AND WATERS. 7

lie. Doesn't that seem strange? I'll tell you a story, that I once heard, about him and some of the other gods whom the Greeks used to worship, and, may be, you will find other stories about him sometime."

"Wait a minute, mamma, till I get that easy chair for you. Now we are ready, please begin."

"Once on a time, Juno, wife of Jupiter, while watching from the sky saw some ships on the sea underneath her.

After watching closely, she found they were the seven ships of Æneas who was trying to reach the land of Italy and was now only a few miles from its shore.

Juno, for some reason, did not want Æneas to live to reach the land. Knowing something must be done in the shortest time possible, she went to King Æolus and asked his help. She promised him all manner of beautiful gifts if he would only send his winds against the ships of Æneas.

King Æolus knew he was doing wrong but he agreed to do as Juno asked him. He went to the mountain cave where he kept the storm-winds and, taking his heavy war spear, burst open the heavy door of the cave of the winds and let all the mad crew out at once.

The storm they made was terrible. Great waves like mountains came tearing up over the land carrying trees and everything away.

The ships of Æneas were only playthings in such a storm, and the winds seemed to know for what they were loosed.

Great cables that fastened heavy anchors to the ships were snapped like stalks of corn. The winds roared like wild animals. The sky was as black as night, and great waterspouts went whirling like huge toys set spinning by the winds.

One fierce wind blew a blast against the ship of Æneas and overturned it.

A whirlwind caught three other ships but tossed them lightly on the great rocks, on the shore. Another whirlwind sent three more ships into the terrible quicksands and they were swallowed up.

Æneas, swimming in the water, saw around him his trusty sailors clinging, like himself, to broken planks and bits of the ships. All about them floated shields, spears, mantles and helmets. Treasures, too, in the shape of precious home gifts and robes covered with jewels drifted past them.

But all any one wanted then was life, and it

KING NEPTUNE AND THE WINDS AND WATERS. 9

seemed as if the winds and waters were ready and able to destroy every man of them.

Æneas called to Neptune, king of the seas, and Neptune heard him and up, out of the bottom of the sea, he came.

He held his dolphin steeds firmly in check, while his voice roared over the waters asking, "What is this, you winds, that you dare to trouble earth and sky without leave from me? Who dared let you free from the cave of the winds?"

The waves quieted down. The clouds scattered like naughty children caught in mischief. The winds flew home, and getting back into their cave, blew the door tight-shut with a bang, and everything waited to see what King Neptune would do.

He ordered two of his chief helpers to draw the three ships from the rocks, but he had to help them with his trident or three-pointed spear. Then King Neptune opened the quick-sands and the three ships came out on the water again.

Neptune knew Æneas was a brave man and always quick to answer a call for help, so the boat of Æneas had been taken care of first, and he and his men were safe in it.

King Neptune seeing everything was quiet again, showed Æneas a beautiful harbor where he and his men could rest. The huge dolphins that drew Neptune's chariot were tossing their heads and growing as restless as horses, so Neptune called his helpers and in a flash they all disappeared in the middle of the sea.

Jupiter, ruler of the sky, praised Neptune for his skill in checking the furious winds and mad waves, and Pluto, ruler of the center of the earth, said he was proud to call him brother."

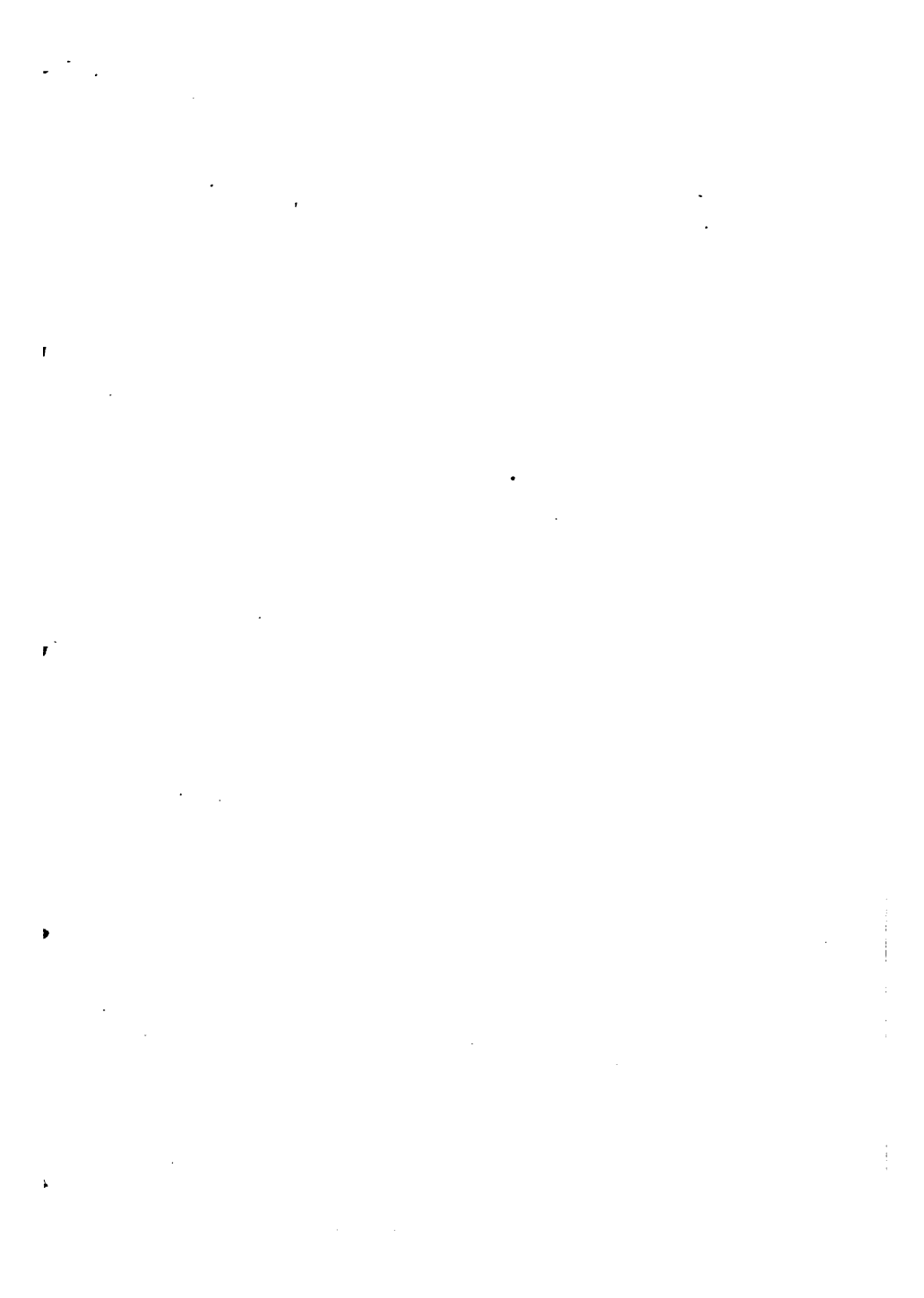
"Well, that must have made King Æolus ashamed of himself. Don't you think so, mamma?"

ECHO, THE AIR MAIDEN.

"Grace, don't try to have the last word. It is such a bad way to get into. Shut your lips and run into another room if you can't stop yourself by any other means."

"Why, auntie, what a funny cure. But I don't see as I need to do it. Johnny was in the wrong and he knows it."

"Yes, you are having another last word, are you? You know what some one heard out by





JUPITER

the great rocks the day of the picnic, don't you?"

"O auntie, that echo! Wasn't it perfect! I would say 'Come here,' then it would answer 'Here,' just as plainly as one of the girls, and we talked with it ever so long."

"Would you really call it answering, Grace? Now think what it did do."

"O, I know now, but I don't like to tell because, why,—because it seems a little as you say I do."

"Now, Grace, I am going to tell you a story about the very first echo, and please try to remember it and shut your lips and run away whenever you feel like having the last word, will you, dear?"

"I'll remember the story anyway," said Grace, with a laugh, as she cuddled down on a footstool at the feet of her aunt.

"This is a sad little story," said her Aunt Kate to her, "and I'm glad it is only a story."

"The first Echo was a pretty girl who had only one fault, she would talk too much. She not only talked too much and sometimes I fear too loud, but when any others tried to say a word she would begin again and try to out-do them. She loved to tease and vex people,

and still she looked so lovely that no one could bear to punish her.

"One day Queen Juno came down to earth (you see, Grace, this is one of the old myths) and saucy Echo dared to torment even her. Juno had left her throne in the sky to search for some one Echo knew

"Where is he, Echo?" Juno asked.

"Is he, Echo?" O, no, I am Echo. Did you want me?" the saucy girl answered.

"How dare you do it?" Juno said.

"Dare you do it?" O, yes, I dare do anything. Tell me what to do."

"You have dared too much already, silly child, and you shall lose the use of that tongue except for the one purpose you are so fond of—answering. You shall still have the last word, but never again shall you speak first."

"Just then Iris, Juno's maid of honor, came with two peacocks and away they both sailed over the rainbow bridge back to Juno's throne, and Echo hid herself in a cave.

"She wandered from cave to cave and rock to rock, always answering when those who tried to find her called, but never able to tell where she was. She grew thinner and thinner,

till at last nothing was left of her but her voice.

"That she will always keep, and try as hard as you will you can never have the last word with her."

IRIS, THE RAINBOW QUEEN.

Queen Juno was the wife of Jupiter, the great king. She lived with her husband in one of the cloud palaces of the sky, lighted by moon and stars at night and by the sun by day.

Juno had many who were ready to do her bidding, but she loved best of all her beautiful maid of honor, the princess Iris.

No one dared to use the rainbow but Iris, to whom it had been given by Jupiter. Whenever Iris was in haste to obey Queen Juno's orders, down from the palace she would sail in a chariot drawn by two peacocks, and if she wished she might ride all the way over the rainbow.

Think of the beautiful Iris, wrapped in a fleecy cloud, gliding over the wonderful path in the heavens! Wouldn't it have been a lovely sight to see?

Once Juno sent her all the way to Dreamland

to bring to a wife a dream of her husband who was away on the sea.

Iris loved to help poor mortals on the earth, and tears filled her eyes when she heard how this poor woman longed to see the one she loved so well.

The clouds caught the tears from the eyes of Iris, and quickly made ready for her the glorious rainbow, reaching from Dreamland to the Garden of the Gods.

She wrapped herself in a cloud chosen from the sunset, and stepping into her chariot gave the signal to her birds and swiftly drove down, down to the palace of the King of Sleep.

Before she could reach the entrance she had to drive through field after field of poppies, red as the sunset she had just left in the sky, for poppies give sleep to the people of Dreamland.

The King of Sleep lived in a cave so dark that he had never seen the rainbow or the sun.

When she found the palace there was no gate to it; soft black plumes and curtains served as gates and doors. Here in the heart of Dreamland she saw such beautiful dreams.

Dreams for children, of toys and plays. Dreams for men and women of all the things

they ever wished for. Dreams, dreams, everywhere. But Iris did not like darkness any better than you or I do and she quickly gave an order for the King of Sleep to send the best dream possible to the lonely wife, then back she sailed over the rainbow bridge, up, up to the bright palace in the clouds.

Quick as she had left the rainbow's track it faded away, but, even before it was out of sight, a dream of her husband had come to the wife and Iris was happy.

Iris loved the water best of all things on earth. She wore a chain of raindrops for pearls, and always a cloud for a robe. She had an army of soldiers by each river bank. Men called the soldiers plants, but their swords were always drawn for Iris, and their stately heads were dressed in her favorite colors.

When you see a group of plants clustered together at the water's edge, with sword-like leaves pointing to the sky, and great blue flowers like a crown, remember that is the flower Iris loved.

LULLABY.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

From Tennyson's "The Princess."

ORPHEUS, A MYTH OF THE SOUTH WIND.

In the land of Thrace lived, years ago, one who was called Orpheus. He was the sweetest singer ever known. His voice was never loud, but low and sweet and soft.

When men heard this voice all anger ceased, and they thought only thoughts of peace.

Orpheus went into the woods one day and took nothing but his harp with him.

No quiver of arrows was on his back nor hunting spear at his side.

He sang and sang till the birds flew down on the ground about him, and seemed to think that a creature with such a voice must be merely another kind of bird.

A wildcat came slyly creeping between the trees, trying to catch the little feathered friends. Orpheus took his lute and the wild cat became

as tame as the birds. They all followed Orpheus farther into the forest.

Soon, from behind a rock, a tiger sprang to attack the wild cat. The birds and the wild cat called to Orpheus. When he saw the trouble he took his harp again, and, while he sang, the tiger came trembling and purring to his feet, and the birds, the wild cat and the tiger followed Orpheus into the forest.

He sat down by a tree to rest and the honey bees came and showed him where their honey was hidden in the tree. He fed his friends, and himself and the tiger led the way to the river where there was the purest water.

Trees bent low before him, and young trees tore themselves from the ground and followed in his train.

Foul waters parted, so that Orpheus and his band might pass through unharmed, for they knew no longer any evil thing.

Before they reached the river of pure water, to which the tiger was leading them, a lion, fierce with hunger, sprang madly at his old enemy. Orpheus took his harp and played so wonderfully, that even the pine trees sighed with sorrow, and the lion loosed his hold on the tiger and his voice changed from a growl

to a wail, and he, too, followed the sweet singer of Thrace. At the river, birds, wild cat, tiger and lion drank together with Orpheus, with not one thought of hurting each other.

"We are tired," said the birds. "Let us stay here by this river," and Orpheus agreed. The birds flew to the trees, while the others tried to rest on the huge rocks by the shore, but these were jagged and rough. They would give no rest to any one.

When Orpheus began to play, the hardest rocks were stirred. They rolled over and over into the river, and in their places the softest beds of white sand were ready for them all. Orpheus rested, with the lion and the tiger for his night watchers, and the wild cat asleep in the tree with the birds.

In the morning, the harp sounded again, and the strange company wandered away, happy to be near the music. The three wild beasts had fed together on the river mussels and forgot that they had been life-long enemies.

Orpheus had said, before he entered the forest, that he was tired of men and their quarrels; that wild beasts were easier to tame than angry men; and so he had found it these two days in the forest.

He took his harp and played and sang a sweet wild song of love and peace, and, overhead, the leaves and branches of the oaks danced and waved for joy of living. Not one growl, not one quarrel was heard even where the echoes of the music went, for even the rocks answered the voice of Orpheus, and everything was at peace.

Then came the sound of the hunting dogs. The lion raised his shaggy head but put it down again. A green light came into the eyes of the tiger and of the wild cat. The dogs came nearer. Orpheus played on his lute and the dogs came and lay down at his feet, but the hunters went home without their prey. That night Orpheus led them all back to the paths where he found them, and went home to his cave in Thrace.

For years, hunters told, over their campfires, strange stories of a tiger and a lion who lived together in the deep forest, and of a wild cat with eyes like a pet fawn.

Sometimes, even in these days, it seems as if Orpheus were singing again.

When the wind strikes the trembling wires there comes sweet music. The pine trees sigh, and leaves and branches of the forest trees

ORPHEUS, A MYTH OF THE SOUTH WIND. 21

dance as in the days when Orpheus first went into the woods of Thrace.

When the South wind blows, sounds like the harp of Orpheus come to us from these trembling leaves.

When the South wind comes, Earth's voices become low and sweet, and the birds sing soft melodies to greet its coming.

The old books tell us that Orpheus was but the South Wind.

THE BAG THAT WAS A BALLOON.

"See my toy balloon, Grace." "O, what a little thing it is. Why didn't you get a red one? I don't like the blue ones." "This was a big one, the largest that the man had, but I've let the air all out of it," said Carrie.

"O, here's a paper bag, Let us make a balloon of that. See! It looks like the big one at Chicago."

"No, you just think so, Grace. It doesn't really. Let's burst it and let out the wind in it."

"Carrie, that makes me think of the story about the bag of winds I read the other day. It was about the King of the Winds and his kindness. It was this way. Once a man named Ulysses was sailing over a great sea, and he came to an island. He and his sailors were so tired and hungry that they stopped for food and rest. The King of the Winds—his name was Æolus—was very kind to them, and they feasted for fifteen days; then they had to go on their journey again. The King Æolus thought so much of Ulysses that he told him that he would see that he had good

sailing weather all the way home, if Ulysses would promise to take charge of what he would give him.

"King Æolus went alone to the great cave in the mountains where he kept the four strong winds, and some of the weaker ones. He pounded on the door, with his great key, to let them know he was there, and that they must wait his call. Then he unlocked the door and let out his strong East Wind and caught the others in a great bag made of a whole ox-hide. This he tied with a stout cord, and the East Wind took it on his shoulders and carried it to the boat that was about to sail.

"Then King Æolus showed Ulysses how to fasten it to the mast, and the East Wind had great frolics with the queer bag in which were his brothers.

"King Æolus told Ulysses never to sleep unless his faithful watchman was guarding this treasure. Ulysses thanked him and promised faithfully. Such beautiful weather had never been known before for so many days. The East Wind had no one to quarrel with, and the boat flew like a bird.

"The captain forgot one night and went to sleep while his watchman was taking his rest.

That was just the chance the sailors wanted. Slyly, up the mast, crept one strong sailor, thinking he would cut down this treasure which he surely thought was gold. Soon as the string snapped, he found out his mistake, and so did every one in the boat. Ulysses was roused by the most frightful roars that he had ever heard. East Wind fought West Wind, North Wind grappled with South Wind, and the storm was terrible.

"The boat drifted back to the land of King Æolus, and Ulysses begged for help. 'I cannot help you. You have done this by your carelessness, and you must leave my land, while I seek my lost Winds.' All the sailors could do was to use their oars and work.

"When the Winds were tired with their storming, they came back and were willing to be led to their cave, but the strong ox-hide bag was lost, and King Æolus never made another."

"O, what a story," said Carrie.

HAIL, OR THE BIRDS WITH ARROW FEATHERS.

There is an old story that tells how a man, named Jason, went on a long journey to search for a golden fleece.

He fitted up a great boat and the bravest men of his country offered themselves to go with him.

They had no great ships like ours, in those days, and when the sails were not filled with wind, each man took an oar, and, rowing with the man at his side, the boat was made to move through the waves almost as swiftly as the wind.

These brave men were all famous before they started out on this voyage, and many were warm friends before they came together in this wonderful boat. There was the great Hercules, and Orpheus the sweet singer, Castor who could tame the wildest horses, and his twin brother Pollux who was the greatest boxer the world had ever seen, or maybe ever will see.

These, and many others sat, side by side, in this boat which Jason called the Argo.

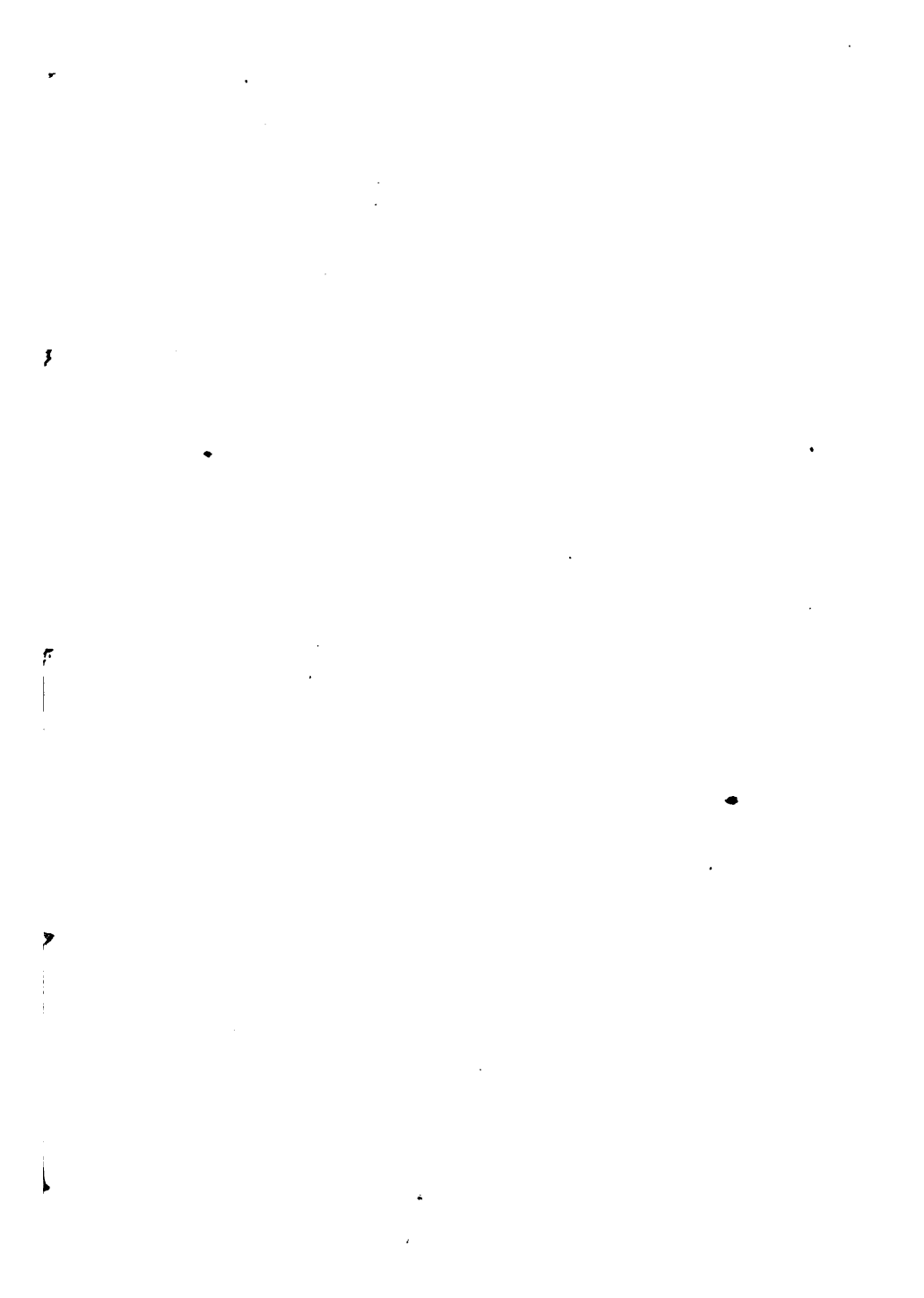
They had many strange things happen to them on this voyage after the golden fleece, and one was when they were attacked by birds. They saw many strange countries also, and of one I am going to tell you.

One day the Argo sailed by a very strange island where nearly all the people lived underground. These people never plowed their land with the strong oxen, nor planted seed, nor reaped harvests. They had no flocks of woolly sheep, nor herds of cattle.

All day long they worked away under the surface of the earth, digging and digging at great black stones they found there. Then they sold these stones or rocks to other people, and so bought bread for themselves.

These people, with their black faces and grimy hands, left their work, for a little while, when some one told them of the beautiful boat that was in sight. They looked very strange to those in the ship, for no one in the land from which the Argo came worked under the ground. In that happy realm, every one lived in the sunshine.

Past this home of the underground people and on beyond another island, the Argo went. Soon they found the sky darkened over their





APOLLO

heads and great flocks of giant birds flew thick and fast over them. Now, the wind changed, and the rowers had to take the oars.

The sky grew darker. Down shot a feather from one of the birds, it struck one of the rowers on the left shoulder, and he dropped his oar for the pain was like a spear thrust.

Down, down dropped another arrow-feather, so pointed and sharp that another rower, who was hit, had to drop his oars. Thicker and faster these arrow-feathers came upon the bare heads and shoulders of the men at the oars.

Those who had time to do so, shot back at the birds, with arrows still sharper pointed, but the birds were never harmed. "What shall we do?" shouted the men at the oars. "You will never kill those birds," said one who had seen their feather-arrows before.

"All that you can do, is to cover your heads and let us help cover your shoulders with our shields."

Then those at the oars put on their shining helmets; those who did not row held up the great war shields over them. It seemed as if the boat had a roof. Down on the helmets struck the feathers, so sharp pointed

that they made a great many holes in the shining metal. Down on the shields they pelted, till it seemed as if the sky was raining drops of lead. The birds themselves came no nearer, but oh! their feather-arrows were enough to frighten even these bravest of men.

The rowers worked hard and steadily as they could and after a while they were out of the reach of the terrible feathers.

The strange part of all was that they never could find one of those sharp pointed arrows with which the birds had shot them.

When the sun came out they were in a safe harbor. They looked and looked but not a feather was to be found. One man declared that he knew they were white. "But the birds were black," said all the rest. "How could the arrows be white when even the sun was darkened by the black winged creatures?" said they.

How the dispute was settled, I do not know, but this I do know, that they never used those arrows in their own strong bows.

PHAETON.

A MYTH OF THE SUN.

Phaeton was the son of the sun-god, Apollo. "Mother Clymene," said he one day, "I am going to my father's palace."

"It is well," she said. "The land where the sun rises is not far from this. Go and demand a gift from him."

That night he bound his sandals more tightly, and wrapping a thicker silken robe about him, started for the land of Sunrise, sometimes called India by mankind.

Many nights and many days he traveled, but his sandals never wore out nor did his robe make him too hot or too cold.

At last, he saw as he climbed the highest mountain peak of all the earth, the glittering columns of his father's palace. Nearer he came, and found they were covered with millions of precious stones and inlaid with gold. As he started to climb the numberless stairs, the silver doors of the palace flew open, and he saw the wonderful ivory ceiling and walls of the long hall.

Glad he was that the steps were many, for he looked long at the pictures carved, in the ivory, by an immortal artist.

On the ivory walls, were cut pictures of earth and sea. On the right, was earth with its towns, forests and rivers, and the beings that lived in each. On the left, was the sea with its mermaids sporting in its waves, riding on the backs of fishes or sitting on the rocks drying their sea-green hair. "Their faces were alike, yet not alike, as sisters ought to be."

Up, up the hundreds of steps he climbed, never wearied. On the ceiling of this marvelous hall, he could see carved the stars of heaven, and on the silver doors, the twelve strange beings of the sky, formed of stars, six creatures carved on each door.

The last step was reached. Outside the sky was dark, but, at the doorway, he stopped for the light from his father was more than he could bear. There sat Apollo, dressed in crimson, on a throne which glistened and glittered with diamonds. On his right hand and on his left, stood the Days, bright with hope; and the Months, hand in hand with the Days, seemed listening to what the Years were whispering to them.

Phaeton saw there the four seasons. Spring, young and lovely, came first, her head crowned with flowers; next Summer, with her robe of roses thrown loosely about her and a garland of

ripened wheat on her head; then merry Autumn, his feet stained with grape juice; last, icy Winter with frosty beard and hair, and Phaeton shivered as he looked at him. Dazzled by the light, and startled to find himself in such a presence, he stood still.

The Sun, seeing him with the eye that sees everything, asked, "Why are you here?"

"Apollo, my father, grant me one request that I may prove to mortals that you are my father."

Apollo laid aside the dazzling crown of sun rays, and clasping Phaeton in his arms, said: "Brave son, ask what you will, the gift is yours."

Quicker than a flash of his own sunlight came the question from Phaeton, "Will you let me for one day drive the chariot of the sun?"

Foolish father, foolish son. Apollo shook his head three times in warning. "I have spoken rashly. This one thing no mortal can do. No immortal, but myself, can hold the horses that draw the fiery car of day. It is not honor, but death, you ask. Change your wish."

Phaeton answered: "My mother taught me that my father always kept his promises."

"It is even so, rash boy, and if you do not change, neither can I. Bring in the chariot of the Sun."

The royal son of the royal father stood beside the glorious car that was higher than his head, and his eyes flashed bright as the diamonds that studded the back of the golden chariot. The golden axle gleamed through the silver spokes, for of nothing but gold, silver and precious stones, was the chariot made.

Then Early-Dawn threw open the purple doors of the eastern sky, and the stars, answering the signal of the Day Star, slowly passed from sight, followed by their marshal.

The Hours obeyed Apollo's orders, and, harnessing the horses, led out the wondrous creatures and fastened them to the chariot.

Apollo bathed Phaeton's face with ointment, and, taking up the sun crown, fastened it on the rash boy's head.

With a sigh, he said: "My son, you will at least take my advice in one thing, spare the whip and hold tight the lines. You will see the marks of the wheels where I have gone before, and they will guide. Go not too high or you will burn the heavens, nor too low or you will set your mother's home, the Earth, on fire. The middle course is best. Take the reins, or, if even now you will change your wish, I will grant it."

With a bounding spring, Phaeton leaped into

the golden car, and, with a proud smile, thanked his father, then gave the word to the horses.

They darted forward through the morning clouds with the fury of a tempest. Men on the earth thought it was noonday and tried to do double their daily work. The fiery horses soon found their load was lighter than ever before, and that the hands on the reins were afraid to guide them. They dashed aside from their path, and, had it not been for the great heat, the Great and the Little Bear would have killed them.

Poor Phaeton looking down on the earth, grew pale and shook with terror. He wished he had never seen his father's horses, never had sought his father, never had made his father keep the rash promise.

Diana, who drives the chariot of the moon, heard the mad racket in the sky, and, shooting her arrows at the frightened horses, turned them aside in time to prevent them from dashing herself to pieces.

Earth's peoples cried for clouds and rain; the people of Africa became black because of the terrible heat; rivers dried up, mountains burned and the river Nile hid his head forever in a desert.

Earth cried in a loud voice to Jupiter, the ruler of the gods: "What have I done that this

punishment should come? Slay me, or save my people from this burning!"

Jupiter, from his seat in the thunderclouds, saw the danger the heavens and the earth were in, and hurled his lightnings at the rash driver. Phaeton fell dead from the chariot. From morning till night, and from that night till morning, he fell, sinking at last into an Italian river. His sisters trembled so at his fall and wept so bitterly, that they changed into poplar trees, and, even to this day mourn for him and tremble at the least breeze from heaven. Apollo's horses, calmed by Jupiter's voice, found the right track. At evening time they entered the western gates of the sky and were taken back, by way of the north, to their stalls near Apollo's palace, in the boat that always awaited them.

DIANA, QUEEN OF THE MOON.

"When we were at grandpa's last summer, we used to stay out so long, playing under the trees in the door yard, that nearly every night we saw the moon."

"At least it seemed almost every night. Sometimes the moon was big and round, and some-

times it looked like grandpa's sickle, only it had no handle."

"And you ought to have heard some of the queer stories Aunt Hattie told about the moon. Some of the stories were so funny, and some were beautiful, I thought."

"O, let's find a window where we can see the moon and tell stories. Come, boys," and little Jack led the way.

"Now, Charlie, here is a grand place to sit. Right here, all of us together on this sofa, and you must tell us a story, quick as you can, for you know we have to say good-night, at nine o'clock."

So Charlie began: "This is one of them I liked; maybe you won't, though.

"Apollo, the god of the sun, had a twin sister named Diana. Apollo loved to hunt with his bow and arrow and his sister loved him so much, that she was always with him. He taught her how to use the bow and arrows as well as he could himself. Sometimes their mother would set up a target for them, and she was just as proud of Diana's quick eyes as of Apollo's strong hand, for no matter what they aimed at, Diana could shoot as well as Apollo. By and by, when Apollo had grown too old for idle sport, he was given the

sun to rule and Diana begged for something just as grand to do. 'Such work is too hard for my brave girl,' her mother would say, but at last Apollo said he would help her, and so the moon was given her to rule over."

"Why, Charlie, how queer that sounds, for you know the sun does help the moon to shine," said Jack.

"Keep still, Jack, it is almost nine o'clock, and I can't stop to talk about the queer part, you must just watch for that," and Charlie went on with the story.

"Diana was as grand and proud, driving the silver chariot of the moon, as Apollo in his golden chariot of the sun. Sometimes, when her work was over, she left the moon and came to earth again to hunt. She would call her friends, the maidens she used to play with, and away they would go, each with a bow in hand and a quiver full of arrows fastened at their backs. One day, while they were hunting they heard strange dogs in the woods. Each one of the girl-hunters hid behind a tree and waited. Diana ran from her tree to a cave to be still more hidden. At last a foolish hunter came in sight. He seemed to act as if he knew he ought not to be there, and he wandered from left to right and right to left, as if he

never had hunted before. Then he started for the very cave where Diana was hidden, for he knew by the willows a spring was there."

"O, my!" said Jack.

"Yes, he started for Diana's cave, but the minute he was near enough he felt a splash of water that seemed to cover him from head to foot and he heard Diana say, 'Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Diana.'

"Poor fellow! He stood still where he was and found his arms which were clinging to the low bushes change to the straight fore legs of a deer. Horns came out of his head, his brown eyes grew bigger, and so did his ears, and in a few minutes even his own dogs did not know him, for he bounded away like a deer for help, and his pet hounds sprang at him and caught him.

"Diana and her friends were miles away, and no one could save the poor hunter from the fate of a hunted deer."

"O, I think Diana was cruel," said Jack. "I thought it served him right, when I heard it," Charlie said. "He knew he had no right in Diana's forest, and she can't hunt on the moon, for there are neither trees nor animals there, they say."

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

GERMAN MYTH.

More than a thousand years ago, on a Sunday morning in the early fall, an old German woodman told his good wife he was going after fagots.

His wife, Gretchen, begged him not to go, for it was Sunday and they did not need the wood. The old man only laughed at her, and trudged away into the forest where no one would see him.

He cut his bundle of fagots, piled them together, tied them with a stout band, and throwing them over his shoulder, started homeward. Then he noticed how afraid of him were the wild creatures that had never stirred as he entered the woods. The birds fluttered away with a whirling noise, and an old mother hare, which he knew very well never feared him before, made wonderful hops to get herself and family out of his sight. Even a wild bear ran from him, instead of attacking him.

Soon he met a handsome man dressed in a fine church suit, who stopped him.

"Don't you know this is Sunday on earth when all must rest from work?"

"Sunday on earth or Moonday in heaven, it is just the same for me," laughed the old man.

“Then carry your bundle forever, and as you do not care for Sunday on earth, you shall have a long Moonday in heaven, where you shall be a warning to all Sabbath breakers forever.”

Then the old man found himself swiftly rising in the air and quick as a thought he was landed in the moon, where his wife saw him as she stood outside her door that night to watch for his coming. There he still stands bearing his fagots, and having only Moondays, he breaks no Sundays.

JACK AND JILL.

A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

“Jack and Jill	Jack fell down
Went up the hill	And broke his crown
To get a pail of water;	And Jill came tumbling after.”

That is what your papa and mamma used to say when they were children; and so did your grandpapa and grandmamma when they were little children, and for hundreds of years children have laughed at poor Jack and Jill's mishaps. Now, I will tell you how the story first began.

Mani was called the queen of the moon in Norway. She had no children. One night a little boy on earth was sent by his parents to a

well to get a pail of water. This boy's name was Hjuki. The name of the well was Byrgir. As Hjuki was afraid to go alone to Byrgir, he asked his sister Jill to go with him. They had to carry with them the big bucket fastened to a long pole, for there was nothing at the well but the wall around its top. They thrust the pole, with the bucket, into the well, and, as they were both busy straining every muscle to raise the bucket, Mani stood beside them and helped them.

She looked, to the children, like a happy old woman and they were glad of her help.

Jill balanced the pail on the pole and together they started to carry the water home.

It was so heavy on Hjuki's side, for he tried to take the heavier part, that he stumbled, and down they both went.

Mani, loving both children dearly, carried them through the sky to the Mountains of the Moon. There you can see them when the moon is full, wandering about, seeking to return, falling and going out of sight, just as they did on earth.

They still carry the bucket and the pole, hoping and dreading to meet their parents. They fear their parents believe they ran away from their task. But try as hard as they can, Mani keeps them from finding the way back to earth.

THE EVENING STAR.

"Mother, every night I see a beautiful star in the sky so different from the others. It comes first and it shines so brightly that it seems as if it were the loveliest star in the whole sky. Just please watch with me for it to-night, won't you?"

Mamma smiled for she thought she knew which one of the stars Mamie would point out. Sure enough, that night as they both sat in the hammock watching the sunset, out came the very star she expected, but she didn't say a word. In a moment, Mamie saw it and nearly fell out of the hammock as she screamed and clapped her hands.

"There it is, mamma! There it is! I know it because it looks straight at me. It knows me, I believe, for it never trembles a bit, like the other stars! Did you ever see such a lovely one, mamma?"

Mamma smiled such an odd little smile that Mamie said: "What makes you laugh at me, mamma? I know you're laughing, by the corners of your lips, they go up so queerly. Tell me, mamma."

"Why, Mamie, that is Venus you are watching. Mamma has watched her every year since she first found her as you have."

"Venus? Who is Venus, mamma? And what makes you call a star, her? I didn't know a star could have a name. Who named her, did you, mamma? And what made you call her Venus?"

"Seems to me you ask a great many questions, little girl Which one shall I answer first?"

"Mamma, did you name my star yourself?"

"No, child, it was named hundreds of years ago when many other stars had names given them. You know people have watched and studied the stars almost since the world began."

"And was Venus a little girl, or a woman, mamma? I know she must have been lovely or they would never have given her name to my star."

"Your star, as you call it, Mamie, is what is, at present, the evening star. By and by, it will be the morning star. I will tell you where it got its name.

"Venus was a lovely woman, as you thought, but she never was a little girl. The old, old story books say that one day as some people were walking by the sea they saw a beautiful shell rise on the foam of the wave. This great shell opened, and out stepped on the waters, beautiful Venus clothed in the foam of the sea. The people watching were not surprised to see a





VENUS

pearly cloud sail down near her and take her to the edge of the sky where, as it was evening, the gates opened, and she passed through to the world of the gods. That was her home. Whenever she wished to return to earth, she came in a silver chariot drawn by snow-white swans. Her head was always wreathed with roses and myrtles. White doves carried her messages whenever she wished to send one. Her dress is of the finest silk, the color of the pink sea shell."

"Why, mamma, you say is! Do you mean she is still alive?"

"No, dear, she never was alive. It is only one of the many beautiful myths that people used to believe a thousand years ago. But painters love to paint pictures that may be as beautiful as Venus was thought to be, and there are many lovely statues of her. Sometimes, it almost seems as if she must have been alive. When we go to the art gallery, see if you can find a Venus.

"But come, say good-night to your star, for it is late. Some time you will miss her and find another in her place. Tell me, dear, when it comes."

"O, I'm going to watch every night, mamma. Will the new one have a name?"

"Yes, but I'll tell you no name nor story till it comes."

"Mamma," said Mamie the last thing that night before she went to sleep, "I'm going to make a wreath of lovely roses to-morrow and toss them over the neck of the prettiest swan in Central Park and name it Venus. Won't that be lovely? for roses and swans both belong to my beautiful Venus."

THE GREAT KING, JUPITER.

"Why do they call the eagle, Jupiter's bird, Miss Folsom?"

"Where did you ever hear it called that, Mary?"

"It was in a book from which our teacher was reading a story, to-day. She let me take the book and there was a fine picture of an eagle on the first page and it was marked 'Jupiter's bird.' I never knew exactly who Jupiter was. Was he a real person, Miss Folsom?"

"He was one of the three great gods whom the heathen used to believe in, Mary. He ruled the sky and everything in it, and all living things on earth, the gods and the men. His bird was the eagle, which carried the lightning in his claws. When Jupiter wished, thunder bolts dashed against

the hardest rocks and broke them into powder. No one dared to disobey him but his wife, Juno, and sometimes even she had to suffer for doing so.

"Jupiter's father was Saturn, who was kind and good in every way but one. He did not love his children, and, at the end of each year, one went away never to return. Jupiter, in some way, was stronger than the rest and refused to go when the order came. He even fought with the messenger and made him beg for mercy.

"Then Jupiter sent this messenger to Saturn and Saturn agreed to bring back to life Jupiter's brothers and sisters. They all rose up and sent Saturn away forever, and gave the kingdom to the three bravest sons. Neptune took the kingdom of the waters, Pluto the center of the earth, and Jupiter held rule of the skies. They ruled until men had learned wisdom and become too wise to be ruled by so many gods.

"Now Jupiter is the name of the largest planet, and when you see a great beautiful star in the sky, shining almost like the moon, you may be sure it is Jupiter. You can fancy he is looking down to see if Neptune is holding his unruly winds and waves in check, or if Pluto is still keeping guard over the watch fires in the center of the earth.

"So Jupiter still reigns, you see, but no one now is afraid of his power."

"How wicked of Saturn to put away his children, how could he?"

"Saturn is the same as old Father Time, Mary. Doesn't he put away one of his children every twelve months?"

"O, is that what it means?"

"Year after year goes away, never to return, Mary."

"How could Saturn bring them back, then?"

"I don't know what that part of the story means. Maybe we will find out some time. But can you think of any day of the week that might be named after Saturn?"

"Why, Saturday! surely that is the one, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the weeks never return either, do they, Mary? Saturn makes an end of them even yet."

THE GREAT BEAR UP IN THE SKY.

"O, mamma, what do you think? Last night that English boy, Charlie Thornton, asked me if I knew where Charles' wain was, and when

I said I did not know, what do you suppose he showed me? Why, nothing but the Big Dipper up there among the stars, you know. I told him he was mistaken, for nobody ever called it the funny name he had for it. But he said his mamma called it that, and he wouldn't give it up. Wasn't that queer? "

"Why, no, Ralph, I don't think it was strange that he called it as his mother had taught him. That is exactly what you do. Many English people call it Charles' wain. Wain means wagon, and it does look a little like a cart or wagon."

"No, I don't think it does the least little bit, mamma. It looks just like a big dipper and nothing else."

"Why, you silly boy. What would you think if I should tell you that ever so many people call it the Great Bear? "

"Why, that is queerer yet, mamma. Can you see a bear up there in the sky? Well, if that isn't the oddest name of all! Maybe when it thunders that is the Great Bear growling!" and Ralph jumped off the porch and rolled on the grass, laughing with all his might.

In a moment, a thought seemed to come to him, and jumping up, he ran to his mother's chair on the porch and said, "Mamma, is there any story

about that Great Bear? How did it get up there among the stars? Is the North Star the bear's eye? Or does his nose always point to the pole star, the same as the two pointers in the Big Dipper?" And Ralph began to laugh again.

"Now, my boy, you will be surprised again when I tell you that there are two bears in the sky, the Great Bear and the Little Bear. The wonderful North Star is in the tip of the tail of the Little Bear."

"O, Mamma! now, I know there is surely a story about them; just as there was about those three beautiful ones you showed me in Orion's belt. You told me about Orion, now you will tell me about the two bears, won't you?"

"It is a sad story, Ralph, and you know you do not like sad stories. But I will tell it to you, and sometime, in years to come, you may read it in a language that is as old as the story.

"Near a beautiful city on the other side of the world was a large forest. The trees in this forest were very tall, and their branches so thick that they seemed like a roof over the ground below. One could wander for miles and miles in this shade and never find a house, nor any living creatures but the birds and wild animals.

"Once on a time, some hunters came back after

having been gone many days, and said that away in the heart of the forest they had seen a glimpse of a beautiful snow-white bear. Not one of them had been able to get a shot at it with his arrows, and some had even thought it was, perhaps, only a dream that each had had, for each one thought he had seen it. The story spread throughout the city, and all the boys and young hunters were anxious for a chance to win so fine a prize as the snow-white skin. Not for himself, oh, no. Whoever brought it home, must hang it in the temple.

“One brave young hunter said, ‘I am going into the heart of the forest. I will take only the bravest with me, and I will never return without the prize.’

“This young man was the one loved most by everyone. His mother had strangely left him when he was only a few years old, and gone, no one knew where. He was cared for by her brother, his uncle, and grew up, hoping each year his mother would return. He took long journeys trying to learn if she was still alive, but no one could ever tell him a word about her. These journeys had made him very bold and brave, and there was no cave so dark, nor mountain so high but that he would search it.

"He found six young hunters ready to go with him. They looked very fine in their bright, shining hunting-suits, with their bows and arrows, and every one wished them success.

"They wasted no time in the pleasant fields outside, but started for the dark, sunless forest. It was slow work picking their way through the tangled bushes growing under the trees, and it took many days to reach the place described by the hunters who had told them the story of the strange white bear.

"'Whoever sees it first, must call to the others. It may be it is enchanted ground and something dreadful will happen to the one who is alone,' said the leader of the hunting party.

"'It is well said,' they all agreed. In the heart of this wild forest they wandered; shooting the strange birds they saw there, and saving the feathers and wings, to bring home after the hunt was over.

"One day the leader of the hunt chased a wonderful bird for hours from tree to tree, riding beneath the branches, trying to get a shot.

"At last, just as he had his arrow in his bow, ready to aim, his horse reared and nearly threw him backward on the ground. There, beside him, stood the snow-white bear. Its two arms were

stretched out to receive him, and its eyes seemed only full of love. It was a beautiful sight, but the arrow intended for the bird, shot the bear through the heart. The bear cried out, 'My boy!' and fell.

" 'Mother, forgive me!' answered the hunter, and with a cry like an eagle's, he fell on the white bear's bleeding body. His scream brought his six fellow hunters, but, strange to say, when they had reached the place, not one, but two bears were lying there dead, and no search ever brought the brave hunter.

"The six attempted to carry back to their city temple the wonderful bears, but as soon as they lifted them, a flash of lightning from a clear sky caught them from their grasp, and they saw them go in the flash into the sky above their heads.

"Jupiter had sent his messenger and had called the two sufferers to live with him. There they are in the sky, serving him faithfully. The loving mother is now always near her son, and his is the work to always carry the star which guides all travelers on their way, — the wonderful North Star. And she points it out to every one, so together, they travel about the sky forever, happy to be once more together."

"O, Mamma, I knew there was a story. It

came out all right at last, and that takes all the sad part away," and then he whispered, "We know it is only a myth, don't we, Mamma?"

THE BABY WHO MADE A HARP.

"Mamma, what is it in the thermometer that shines so?"

"O, that is quicksilver, child. See the line of silver run up the tube while I hold it in my hand."

"Quicksilver? I should think it was quick! O, see it run back now, the tube is cool. But papa called it something else the other night. Do you know what it was, mamma?"

"O, yes, he called it mercury, my dear. It is named after one of the gods the Greeks used to worship; their swift wind god, Mercury. We read of him in so many old stories or myths. He was so quick that he became a messenger boy for the other gods."

"O, I like those old myths, mamma. Please tell one about Mercury. I am going to name my dove after him, for it takes messages for me to Nellie Burton. And I will tell her the stories you tell me. Tell me a long one, Mamma, please."

"Well, my dear, Mercury is the name, too, of the planet that will soon be our evening star. And, Ethel, if I tell you this story now, you must tell it to me sometime when we watch his beautiful namesake in the sky. Will you try to remember so long, my little girl?"

"O, yes, indeed, I'll remember. I love your stories about the stars. It makes them seem so real. I know Venus, Jupiter, and Mars with his red eye, and now I'm going to make another friend among them. O, I am so glad I asked about that quicksilver," and Ethel gave a happy little laugh and settled down on a footstool at her mother's feet.

This is the story Mrs. Brown told to Ethel :

"In the days when the earth was young, a little babe lay alone in its cradle in a beautiful cave in a mountain side. This babe was Mercury. His mother had left him because someone had called her away for a moment ; but for some reason she stayed an hour.

"As soon as she had gone, this wee, little babe turned over on his bed, lifted up his head, and, seeing the door of the cave ajar, put out his hand, and touching the sides of the cradle, sprang out like a boy ten years old. Slipping through the doorway, away Mercury ran down to the

river bank near his home. A river tortoise was in his way, and his tiny toes tripped on it and he fell. Vexed to be stopped by such a slow, clumsy creature, Mercury dashed it on a rock and killed it. Then he threw it in the river and watched the fish feed on its flesh. It seemed but a minute before the empty shell drifted to his feet. Mercury picked it up and felt sorry for what he had done.

“‘I will make this shell live forever,’ he said. ‘I do not mean to be cruel to earth’s creatures.’

“Quick as a thought, he bored nine holes in each side, and taking the lacings from his tiny sandals, he split them and strung them into the holes in the shell.

“Drawing his little hand across the strings, there came the sweetest sounds, and the first harp on earth was made. He was so pleased that he hid it under his white dress until he came to thick reeds by the river, and there he laid it safely away.

“Running swiftly homeward, he came softly through the narrow opening, back into his own room, and creeping into his cradle, he cuddled down and went to sleep.”

“Why, Mamma, he was so little. Only a little baby, how could he?”

"The old myth says he was only three days old when he did this, but remember, this is like a fairy story, and Mercury was not a common mortal. The gods were immortal and not like us, my dear, but let me tell the rest. When his mother came back, she was frightened to think he had been alone an hour, but he was sleeping so sweetly when she looked at him, that she felt he had not been harmed. Little mischief! The mother never dreamed, when she saw the open sandals, that he had been away."

"But the harp, mamma, didn't she ever find that?"

"No, you know the little rogue had hidden that in the reeds by the river. Another day he stole away and got into worse trouble than he expected, for he dared to steal some of Apollo's cattle. They were beautiful, snow-white creatures, feeding in the blue meadows of the sky. And as he saw them drifting slowly toward him, the mischief in him made him dare to drive these gentle creatures into the sea, and, being tired and hungry, he tore the last one to pieces and fed on it.

Though this mischief-maker walked backward to his home, trying to deceive any who would hunt for him, Apollo found him out. When the sun god saw him a helpless babe in a

cradle, Mercury almost made him believe that he had done nothing wrong. At last even his mother really believed him guilty, for the proofs brought were so many, and Apollo was going to take him away. Then the little wind god took from under his cradle clothes, the harp which he had hidden there, and breathed upon it. Apollo was charmed by it and could only say, 'Give me that, and I will not ask for my stolen cattle.' That was just what Mercury wished. He quickly handed him the tortoise shell, and in Apollo's hands the shell made sweeter music, still, for everything Apollo did was best.

"Now nimble Mercury was free. When a few months older, Apollo chose him for his messenger. He gave him a cap with wings at either side, and sandals with wings, and in his hands he always carried a winged wand with two serpents crossed and recrossed upon it. You have surely seen his picture, Ethel?"

"O, yes, mamma. And down at the art store there is a little statue of him. O, I can remember this story always, mamma. And now may I go over to tell Nellie Burton about my new star and the name for our dove?"

"Yes, and you may be my Mercury, and tell Mrs. Burton we should be very happy to have her and Nellie take dinner with us to-morrow."

THE LINDEN AND THE OAK.

Two grand trees stood on a hilltop near a lake. One was an oak with wide branches. The other was a linden as tall as the oak.

"Man and wife," the people called them, and when asked why, said, "Because it is true. Once they could walk around and talk. Now they stand there forever. But you can hear them whisper to each other sometimes."

And if asked "Who were they?" even the little children would say, "Why, Philemon and Baucis." Many children had these names in those days, and knew the story well, of these trees, for there were none like them anywhere else in the land.

It was said that these two people who now lived in such strange form were once a poor old couple, and their home was a wretched house in the valley. Simple, honest, and quiet, they had little to do with the village people about them.

One evening two strangers walked into the village street, and stopping at the first house to ask for food, were sent away in a hurry.

"We work for a living and have nothing for those who don't. Go away."

And so they were told at the next house, and the next, all down the village street. Tired and hungry, they reached the little house where Philemon and Baucis lived.

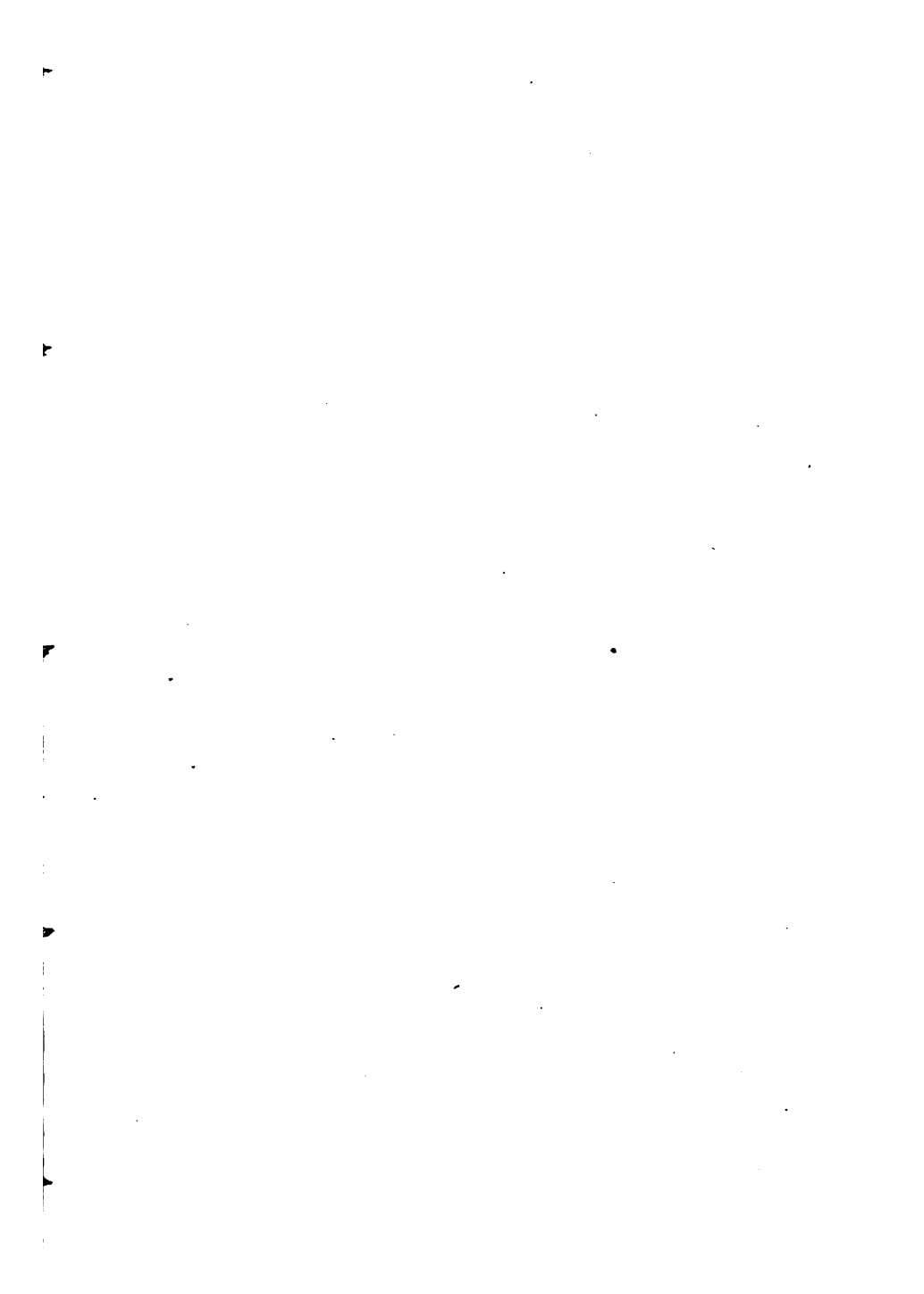
"I will try here," said the shorter of the two strangers. The other one was silent.

But, before they reached the door, Philemon came to meet them. And Baucis placed the best chairs for them as they came in, first spreading over them, to hide how poor they were, pieces of cloth she had woven.

"You are hungry," she said, and she went to the fireplace and uncovered the few coals she had saved in the ashes for her morning fire. On these, she put sticks and dry bark, and with all her little strength, blew hard on them, and the fire began to burn.

On a hook over the fire, she hung a small iron kettle; and, getting ready the beans her husband brought in from their little garden, put them in to stew.

All this they did, as if the strangers were invited friends; and Philemon brought a bowl of water for them to bathe their hands, while his wife set the table. As one leg of the table was





THOR

too short, she put a flat shell under it to make it level with the rest. Tired and trembling, she set on the few coarse dishes they had. They were her best. She set on the pitcher of milk she had bought for their own meal, and when the beans were cooked, everything was ready. For dessert, she had apples and wild honey.

Drawing a bench to the table, she put on it a thin cushion, made soft with dried seaweed, and then called the strangers. The smiles and gentle welcome of the two old people made the meal seem like a feast.

The strangers were thirsty, but each time she poured out a cup of milk the pitcher filled again.

"You are from the skies, and not men!" the old couple cried, and fell on their knees and begged the strangers to forgive them for their poor meal.

"Why did you come to us? Others could have done so much better."

"You have done the best you could; who could do better than that?" said the tall one. "Come with us," and he led them all to the top of the hill.

Then he stretched out his hand toward the village, and they saw it sink down, down out

of sight, and the river came rushing in, and the place was a lake. Nothing could be seen but the house they had just left. It was on the shore. Its timbers were growing higher, and higher, and the yellow straw that thatched the roof changed to shining gold. It was now a beautiful temple.

"Ask of me anything you wish and I will give it to you," said the tall one.

"I know now you are Jupiter," said Philemon. "Let us take care of your temple while we live, and when it is time for us to leave it, let us go together. Let not one be taken and the other left.

Philemon and Baucis cared for the beautiful temple for years. Feeling old and weary, they went to the top of the hill one day, to say good-bye to all things. As they stood there, they saw each other change into this oak and this linden. "Good-bye," they said together, and were gone.

No tree has so strong and true a heart as the oak; hundreds of birds sing in the leafy linden, which we often call the basswood tree.

HOW WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY GOT THEIR NAMES.

A NORSE MYTH.

Little Hilda Peterson sat by a table in her mother's room studying her spelling lesson. Suddenly she startled her mother by giving the table a sharp rap with her pencil and saying, "Oh, mamma, what a queer name for a day! Why didn't the people who named the days give them numbers instead of names? I can never remember how to spell Wednesday. What is the use of the third letter in it? Nobody ever heard of Weden's day, I am sure, and that is what the word seems to be."

"My little girl, when you have finished your lesson I will tell you a story. I think you will always remember where the fourth day got its name, after you hear it."

It did not take Hilda many minutes to finish her studying and she was soon ready to listen.

This is the story her mother told to her:—

“Long years ago, before our fatherland, Norway, became a Christian country, our people were taught that they must worship many gods. Nearly all of these they feared; a very few they loved. One of the very greatest of these was Woden. When little children looked at the moon and stars they were taught that Woden made them. When they asked about the clouds, ‘Woden made them,’ every one told them.

“In the spring, they were told that Woden made the leaves to come and the flowers to open. No one knew the true God then. Woden, they told the children, lived in a beautiful city far in the north of the sky, north of our own Northland. There were only golden and silver houses there and the most beautiful one was Woden’s royal palace. This was called Valhalla. To reach it, one must ride or walk the whole length of the rainbow, as it curves from land to land. But there was a terrible watchman at its gateway, who would stop any who had no right to its path.

“In Valhalla, Woden’s people were always happy. They were never sick; they never died. There were no little girls, no little boys in this

golden palace, only soldiers; and oh, to think of it, part of these were women! These were sent to battlefields to take the souls of brave men, and when they rode through the air their glittering, shining robes and spears and their swift horses made a strange, bright light in the North. People called it Northern Lights, but Woden knew it was his Valkyrēs. Did you ever see them?

"But in another golden palace in this beautiful city in the North of the sky were Woden's wife and family. This palace was called Fensalir. Woden's wife was Frigga and his eldest son was Thor, and I must tell you about this son. Thor owned three precious things. Can you guess what they were?

"One was an iron hammer. When he threw it at a mountain it would split wide open and all the Frost giants who lived, in and upon the mountain, would be killed. The second thing was a wonderful belt. When he put it on he was twice as strong as before. The third thing was a pair of iron gloves. When he put these on he could throw his hammer twice as far.

"There is a story told of Thor once throwing his hammer so far that it could not re-

turn as it had always done. It fell near an immense giant who hid it half a mile deep under the rocks. Thor sent a friend to win it back, but the cruel giant would not give it up unless Thor would give his sister to him. This sister was a lovely girl and Thor much disliked to have her go, nor was she willing to go and live with a fierce giant.

“But Thor wanted his hammer. At last, Thor’s friend who had seen this giant, told him to dress himself like his sister and to put on a heavy veil. He did this and the two rode far away, on the rays of the setting sun, to win the lost hammer.

“When the giant saw them he took them to his house. At supper time he wondered how a goddess could eat so much, for Thor ate five great fishes and a whole roasted ox. Then he wondered how she could drink so much, for Thor drank three casks of honey wine. Then the giant pulled the heavy veil aside and wondered what made her eyes like fireballs. The friend explained everything, for Thor would not speak, and then the friend asked for the hammer. It was laid in the mock goddess’ lap, and at that Thor stood up, slew all the giants and utterly destroyed the wicked town. Then

he went back to Fensalir and told Frigga, his mother, how he had saved his sister and his hammer.

"Frigga was as powerful as Woden or Thor. All things which Woden had made obeyed her, nor dared harm anything she forbade them. It may be she did not know of the lost hammer or she would have saved Thor his long journey.

"Frigga was one of the most beautiful creatures ever dreamed of. No picture was ever so perfect as she. Her robes were lovelier than those of any other goddess. Sometimes they were of gold and scarlet, sometimes of purest white and many times of modest green. She loved to spin, and no spider ever spun so fine a thread as she on her spinning wheel. She worked so faithfully that Woden changed the wheel into beautiful stars, and when you look at Orion again remember that the Norse people once called it Frigga's distaff. .

"And now, little Hilda, these three, Woden, Thor and Frigga, live upon our earth and are still bound by loving ties; but, strange to say, they can never meet again, for only one comes to earth at a time. At midnight, one leaves and the next follows till another midnight

comes; then comes the mother, but she never can again see her son nor his father.

"Does my little one guess what my story means?"

"I am not quite sure, mamma, help me a little bit."

"In my story, dear, I have told after whom three days of our week are named. Can you tell which days?"

"Why, mamma, is that it? I know one, that is Woden's day or Wednesday. Yes, there is Thor's day or Thursday, but what is the other?"

"Didn't I tell you the mother never could see again the son nor his father? Do you see the meaning now?"

"Is that it, mamma? O, to think! Friday is beautiful Frigga's day."

"Yes, you have guessed the three, Hilda. Now, do you see that Thor's day comes when Woden's day goes? And as soon as Thor's day is over then comes Frigga's day. They come to earth but never meet."

"Why, how queer it all is, mamma. When I say the names of the days it will seem as if you were telling me the story again."

"And now a little more, Hilda. Do you remember the colors that Frigga wore?"

"You said she wore green or white, or sometimes, scarlet and gold. I thought her dresses must have been beautiful."

"Look out of the window, Hilda. What color is the lawn?"

"Why, the grass makes it a beautiful green, mamma?"

"It will be what color in the winter?"

"Why, white with snow, of course."

"And in the fall, Hilda?"

"O, I know now what you mean by Frigga. For the woodbine leaves are so lovely every year and the maple leaves always help them to cover the lawn. Frigga is the ground, isn't she?"

"Not ground, but earth. Woden was the sun and Thor was the thunder."

"O, mamma, how strange it is that such a story should come just from the word Wednesday. O, I am glad that I am a Norwegian."

HOW FIRE CAME TO EARTH.

Once the earth was but a mass of dead, cold rock and barren sand. Once the waters were nothing but a mass of icy, empty waves.

Two great giants, Titans the Greeks called them, were given the task to make the earth what it had been planned to be.

Epimetheus and Prometheus were the names of these giants. Epimetheus took upon himself the work of making the lower animals and man. Prometheus overlooked his work and gave hints if he saw that anything was lacking.

Epimetheus made the fishes, set them to float in the water, and taught them to swim. He made the lion and gave it courage. He gave wings to the bird and showed it how to fly swiftly through the air. He covered the crab with its shell and taught it how to creep.

Man came last. Epimetheus had nothing to give him. Claws, wings, shelly covering, fur, everything had been bestowed on the first made creatures. Epimetheus saw how weak man was with all the fierce animals around him. He went to Prometheus for help

"I have clothed this last creature which I have made with robes from the garments the immortals have cast aside. The thorns can not tear him, but the wild beast can take his life in a moment. Help me to make him conqueror of everything in earth, sea and sky."

Prometheus sought Minerva for wisdom. She gave him a golden torch whose wood was cut from the pines that grew nearest heaven on earth's highest peak, and said: "Follow what this branch of pine is seeking. It will take and hold the gift reserved for man."

When Prometheus grasped the torch, the pine leaped upward through the sky—past the pale, cold moon; past flashing stars; upward, till the torch and its bearer stood by the burning chariot of the sun.

The pine kissed the leaping flames and a fire was kindled in its own heart. Prometheus leaped backward from the sun chariot, and, bearing the flaming torch in his hands, brought down to man, from the sun, the gift of fire.

No creature but man can possess or use this gift. Man would not part with it for all the treasures below earth's surface, nor for all the gifts that birds, beasts or fishes can boast.

With fire, weapons are made that can sub-

due the strongest beast that ever fought for its life. Tools with which man tills the earth and blasts the rock are made with fire. With fire, man warms his dwelling, and while the wild creatures shiver in the cold of ice and snow, man makes warmest summer within the four walls of his home.

Man walks the earth a conquerer, but should the gift of fire be taken away from him, with what would he then teach the lower animals that he is their master? Having this gift he excels all other creatures. Without it he would be poor indeed.

Go where you will and the gift Prometheus brought is known to the race to whom it was given. There is no savage so ignorant but that the art of making fire is known to him.

Fire gleams from the eyeballs of the beasts when they are in anger, but this fire is cold compared with the burning blaze of wood or coal.

No beast will attack mankind when protected by a blazing torch. The gift of Prometheus shows the wisdom of Minerva.

THE MAN AND THE BOY WHO COULD FLY IN THE AIR

Dædalus was a skillful workman in many things. One of the first things he did to make him famous was to build a maze, with so many winding walks and ways that any one who entered its doorway and walked ten steps in without a guide, never could get out without help.

This he built for his king; but before many years he offended his king in some way and was locked up in a high tower. In the roof of the tower were hundreds of doves, and as they flew back and forth Dædalus said, "My king rules the land and the sea, but not the air. I will try that way of escape."

So he set to work to make wings for himself. He made two great frames and covered them with feathers. The larger ones he sewed on with thread and the smaller ones he fastened with wax.

Icarus, his little son, stood and looked on; catching any of the feathers the wind tried to blow away; but he troubled his father by taking the wax and making little balls, which he tossed about the room.

The keeper of the tower thought the wise man very silly to spend his time making great blankets of feathers. Dædalus never let the keeper of the tower see how he curved and pointed the corners of his frames, and so the keeper told how foolish the wise man had grown from being shut up so long; how he spent his time gathering feathers to make great blankets. The people pitied him, not knowing that this very punishment was giving Dædalus another chance to make himself famous.

One dark night, Dædalus fastened the great wings to his shoulders, and jumping from the window found he could sail like a dove, but he could not carry his boy. Back he flew, and folding his wings slipped into the window. Now he must make a pair for Icarus.

Soon this second pair was done, but the little fellow had to be taught like a young bird how to use them; and many a time if his father had not caught him for a moment, on his great wings, Icarus would have gone, tumbling heels over head, down, down to the foot of the tower.

Finally, Icarus, too, could sail and sail like a bird, and if the night had not been too dark it would have been great fun to see the two big creatures fly out of that tower window.

Keeping their wings so close to each other that they almost touched, they flew away over houses and fields. Before the sun came out Dædalus told his boy to be careful to keep near him. "Don't fly too near the sun or the heat will melt the wax, nor too low, or the damp will wet the feathers. Keep close to me."

When the morning came they saw the men plowing in the fields stop their work to look at them. Shepherds left their flocks and ran miles to see where they were going. No one dreamed who they were; it was grand to be so free and fly so swiftly.

An eagle saw them and flew near. They felt the breeze from his powerful wings and swifter went their own. The eagle, frightened, turned and flew toward the sun. Icarus forgot his father's warning and followed. It was so still a race that Dædalus flew on and on, thinking his boy was beside him. On went Icarus, swifter than the eagle, and, proudly sweeping past him, the next instant he felt his wings loosen and droop.

Miles away, Dædalus turned his head, for he heard his boy call him. "Icarus, Icarus, where are you?" his father answered. There was no answer to this, but the feathers in the blue sea

below told the story. Flying down, he searched till he found the body, and, tenderly laying it in the earth, he wept that he had ever thought of wings.

The land was wild where this happened and nothing but beasts lived in it, so away Dædalus flew to Sicily. There he built a temple and on its walls hung up his wings, forever.

Now, he became so proud of his own success that he believed no one could invent another thing. He was willing, though, to teach all he knew, and his sister, living near, sent her son Perdix to him to learn what he could.

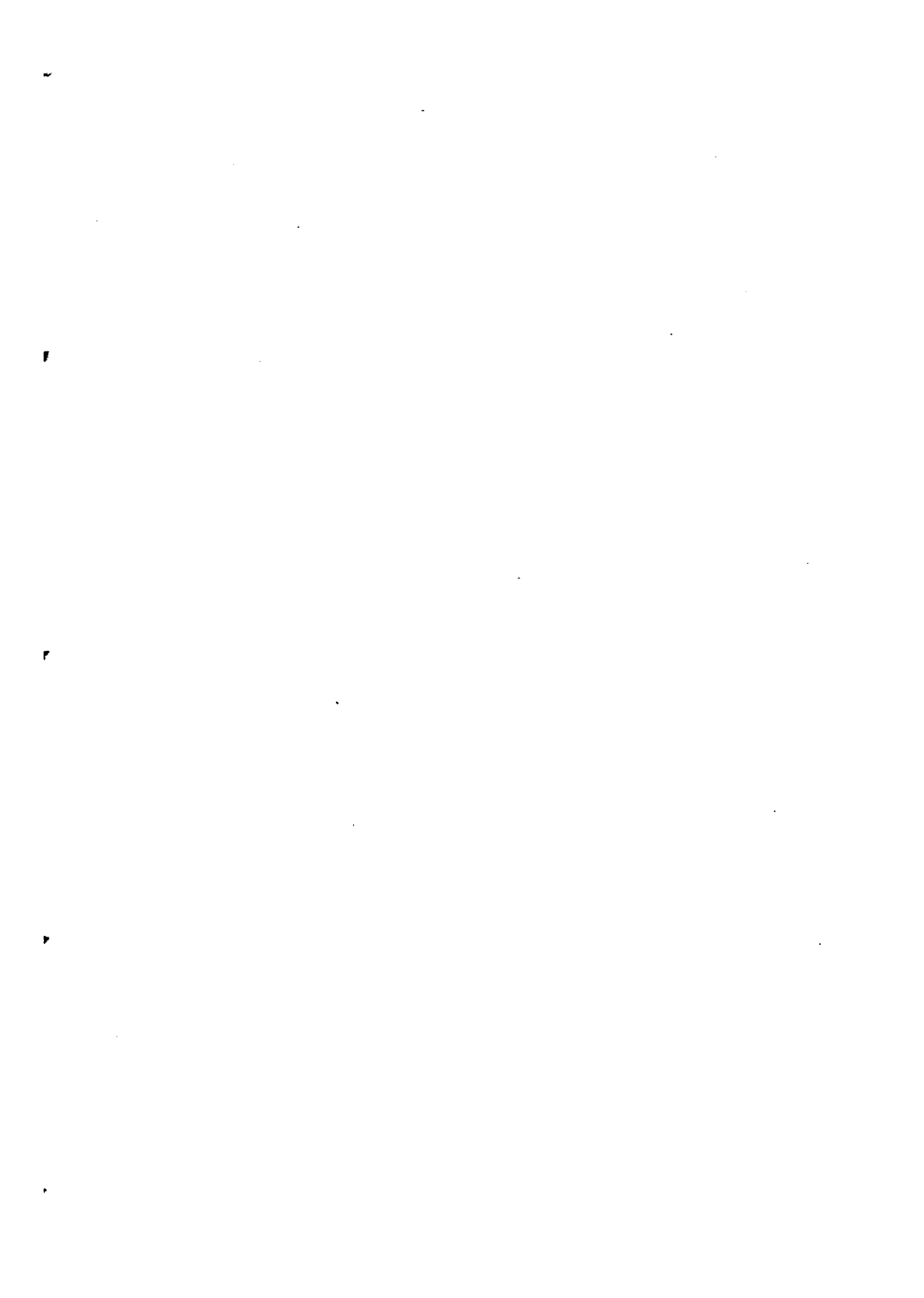
This boy was quick to see, to hear and to learn, and he could invent things himself.

One day, when Dædalus was slowly cutting through a log with an ax, the boy showed him how much quicker he could do it with a saw he had made. Now, no one had ever heard of a saw before, and Dædalus was angry.

"Tell me who told you how to make this?" he said.

"I brought home yesterday the backbone of a great fish cast up by the sea, and I made this like it in iron; that is all," said Perdix.

But another time Dædalus was trying to





MERCURY

draw a perfect circle; thirteen times he tried and failed.

"Take my irons if you will not be angry with me," said Perdix, and he handed him a pair of compasses.

Again here was something no man had ever seen before. Dædalus instead of being proud of his nephew, was angrier than ever.

"You will be telling that you are greater than Dædalus, who first sailed through the air, ungrateful boy," said his uncle.

"I have only tried to help you," said Perdix.

But not long after this, when the two were in a tall building, Dædalus gave Perdix a push that sent him headlong towards the ground. The goddess Minerva who loves learning, saw him and changed him into a partridge before he touched the earth; and, better than Dædalus, he has always kept his wings.

Perdix, the partridge, builds his nest low on the ground and stays in low branches. Perhaps he is afraid, if he goes again into high places, he may not be saved from another fall.

JUNO'S BIRD, THE PEACOCK.

"O, isn't it a pity the peacock doesn't know that he can't sing? O, why doesn't he stop that fearful screeching?"

Little Kate put her hands over her ears to keep out the sound.

"You know the peacock was once an animal that hasn't a very sweet voice, don't you, Kate?" said Jack.

"No, I don't know, but I believe little Charlie Green's pet donkey makes a better noise than this bird. There, I am so glad it has stopped."

"Well, I'll tell you something. Once upon a time, a donkey felt that he was abused so much just because his coat was rough and his face and shape so homely; so he begged of Jupiter to make him into something beautiful. In a short time he was changed into a peacock, and looking down upon his fine feathers he began to sing. But, oh dear me! the trouble he was in then! He had forgotten to have his voice changed too, and it was the same old donkey voice that he had always had."

"That's a funny story, Jack. Seems to me mamma told that a long time ago."

"Then I know another story of how the eyes came into the peacock's feathers."

"You are a queer boy; those eyes were always there."

"O, no, they were not, Kate. You watch the young peacock chickens and I'll prove my story, or part of it, any way. Don't you remember that first they are a dull brown, and then, when they are about a year old, they begin to show a little green? Why, they are three years old before the eyes are seen in the feathers. Now you are a queer girl to forget that."

"O, well, tell your story and I'll see if it is a good one." So Jack began.

"Argus was a watchman. His eyes were like great green balls with fifty eyes in each. Yes, he had a hundred eyes and never more than two went to sleep at once. He could see even better in the night than in the daytime, so he was a fine watchman.

"One time Argus was told to watch a certain prisoner who could not be shut in a room, but was to be left in a field. Never once was he to lose sight of this prisoner. If he did every one of his hundred eyes would be taken from him.

"Day and night Argus watched, never sleeping except with two eyes, and he was as faithful as fifty soldiers.

"But he loved music and the friends of the prisoner knew it, so they sent some one to him who could play upon the harp and sing, thinking that Argus might perhaps be charmed to sleep.

"Now, this player's name was Mercury and he was so quick that some thought he wore wings on his feet, but if he did he took them off, for he was just a plain shepherd in a sheepskin coat and sheepskin sandals when Argus saw him.

"Now, if he had come with a spear and a bow and arrows Argus would have been ready to keep him out, but Mercury was too bright for that, you may be sure.

"No, he was just a plain shepherd and sat down in a field near the one Argus was in, to watch his sheep. And, while he sat there, he played such sweet music that Argus said, 'Bring your sheep into my field and we will watch together.'

"That was just what Mercury had planned for, and so he was not very long in getting his sheep into the field with Argus. There the two

would lie in the shade and tell stories, and then Mercury would play and watch the green eyes of Argus, while he watched the prisoner and the flock of sheep.

"One night Mercury played so softly, so sweetly, that for one minute every one of the hundred green eyes of Argus closed and in that minute Mercury cut off his head. Then the prisoner was free. Juno took the green eyes of Argus and there they are on her pet bird, the peacock."

"O, Jack, I don't believe a word of it."

"O, I don't either," said Jack. "But these stories are both more than a thousand years old and I shouldn't wonder if some one did believe them a long time ago."

THE WOODEN HORSE.

Years and years ago there was, in a land across the sea, a beautiful city called Troy. Around this city the people had made a stone wall so high and so thick that they feared no foe who came to attack them. They boasted so much that at last a great king said he would send his army, and his soldiers who had never been beaten, would surely enter that city.

For weeks the battle raged. There were no cannon in those days and no guns of any kind. But these soldiers built great derricks of wood and from these they threw stones and fire balls over the walls, into the city. Great hammer-like machines were made to beat down the walls, but still they stood as firm as on the first day of battle.

The city soldiers were getting very hungry for there was no way of obtaining food, as the outside fields were filled with their enemies; but still they laughed and made sport whenever the enemy was near.

"Shall we give up?" said the attacking soldiers to one another. That was something they did not know how to do. But one bright day the city watchman saw, from a tower, line after line of soldiers marching slowly away, and he raised such a shout that men, women and children came to see what he meant. Then the gates were carefully opened and out marched the city soldiers and then the people, mocking and shouting at the backs of their enemies. The people gathered up the food left about where the tents had stood and the soldiers searched for anything else that was left.

Behind a clump of trees not far away they

found a great wooden horse. There it stood; as tall as a house and as big as thirty barrels.

"See what the cowards have left," somebody cried, and then every one tried to think what it was made for.

"It is hollow," said a man, as he threw a stone against it. "No, it is not," the rest shouted. "It is too heavy to be hollow."

"We will take it to the temple of our goddess. She has conquered our enemies for us, and we will bring her this great offering." And so they did.

They put it on rollers, and tugged and tugged until it was drawn inside the city gates. Women and children, and every one helped. "See what the silly cowards left," they kept shouting. "We will keep it to show them when they come again," and they patted the great wooden horse as though it had been a pet.

For the first time in weeks, they all went to bed and to sleep that night. The soldiers hung up their armor and their spears, and put away their bows and arrows, for not a single foe was in sight.

But the wooden horse did not sleep. No, indeed, he was very much awake and very much alive that night. When everything was still,

and even the watchers in the temple near him were resting soundly, a little door in one of his sides opened softly and out came man after man, for the foe had hidden many soldiers in that great wooden horse.

Now these soldiers crept about until they reached the great houses, and then it seemed as if, all in one moment, Troy was on fire. No one could tell where the foe had come from, nor how many there were, until some one going to the temple for shelter rushed up to the great wooden horse and found that just as one wise man had said, it was hollow.

Then they knew the trick that had been played on them and that it was they who had been silly, and not their foe.

Troy was burned and the soldiers returned to their king with more gifts than they ever brought before.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN WHO BECAME A LAUREL TREE.

Cupid was a beautiful little boy. Between the wings on his shoulders he always carried a quiver full of tiny arrows. Bow in hand, he started out every morning ready like any boy, for mischief. One day, he dropped down to

drink from a fountain with some thirsty doves who were his friends.

Apollo saw the little fellow and to tease him, asked, "What do you carry arrows for, saucy boy? It is for strong men like myself to do that. My arrow shot the great Python, the serpent of darkness. What can you do?"

"Apollo may hit serpents, but I will hit Apollo," said Cupid, and taking out two tiny arrows, he touched their points together and then shot the golden one straight into Apollo.

Quick as a flash of Apollo's sun crown he shot the other, the leaden one, into a river cloud he had caught floating by. In it, he knew was hidden Daphne, the daughter of the river. The leaden arrow hit her true and she drifted away on the swiftest breeze. Apollo the sun god, can see through everything but fog and mist, but as Daphne fled he caught one glimpse of her face, and Cupid laughed to see how his arrow did its work. His arrows never kill, sometimes, indeed, they make life more happy. Apollo now loved Daphne more than anything else on the earth; Daphne was more afraid of him than of anything else in the sky.

On flew Daphne, hoping her misty cloud would hide her till she could reach her river

home. On flew Apollo, begging her to stop for fear his arrows might hurt her. His great arrows of sunlight must do their work even if his friends should perish by them.

Now they are near the river and he sees her face again. She is sinking on the river bank. She is so faint, and he would help her but she cries to her father, the river, "O, father, help!" The earth opens and before Apollo can reach her, he sees her waving hair change into green leaves. Her arms became branches. Her skin changed to shiny bark, and her face to a tree-top whose pink flowers show, even yet, the beauty of Daphne's cheek.

Apollo reached out and gathered the leaves and made them into a crown. "This tree shall be called laurel and it shall be mine. I cannot grow old and the leaves of this tree shall be always green. Daphne has won the race against Apollo, and a wreath of these leaves shall be her gift and mine, to the bravest in every race. Kings and captains shall be proud to wear it."

Apollo hid his face for days behind dark clouds, and heavy rains fell. The immortal gods cannot weep, but these great drops seemed like tears for lost Daphne.

Even saucy Cupid mourned, and, he did not dare go out till the storms were over, for fear Apollo's grief would ruin his wings.

You can find Daphne's tree in greenhouses now, among the roses and lilies. And, if you will only ask for Daphne, the gardener will point her out, for he calls the tree by her name. Go and see how sweet her face is.

THE ANEMONE.

"Just see this basketful of anemones we got down in the glen,—Oh, they were just as thick there as thick can be!"

"We picked and picked and it didn't seem to make a bit of difference, there were so many left. Are they not lovely?"

"They are sweet, dainty little flowers, boys. Where did you say you found them?"

"On the low land, in the glen by the brook. O, such great trees were on the sides of the glen, and it was so still down there that the little brook and the water-fall sounded as loud as a big river! How we wished you were there."

"What else did you find beside the wind-flowers, or anemones, boys?"

"O, here's a little moss and a few blood-root flowers, and Will Johnson carried home a big bouquet of wild bleeding-hearts. I saw some one on the street cars as we came back, with a basket of white violets, but we didn't get any, for I knew there were not any in the glen. Anyway, I like these best. See, some are purple and some white with such a little bit of red on the outside. And do see the buds! They look like little drops of something,—I don't know what is pretty enough to say they look like."

"That makes me think, Charley, of a myth there is about the first anemones."

"Myth? What is that, mamma? O, I know, John," said Charley, "It is one of those stories that people used to believe were true, just as we used to believe in Santa Claus. He's a myth, you know, and now you please keep still, and maybe mamma has time to tell us right here while we are resting, about the first anemones. I like myths."

"This is a hunting story, so I know you will like it, boys.

But just think of hunting with bow and arrows and spears. Would you like that?"

"Yes, yes," to mamma's surprise the boys both shouted.

"Then I'd go up close to the tiger and spear and shoot and shoot," said John, and he didn't like it a bit when they laughed.

"Well, years ago in the golden age when the world was young there lived a Greek hunter whose name was Adonis. He was tall and straight and handsome. His friends thought it a great pity that he should spend his time in the woods, with only his dogs for company, but away he would go with his arrows at his back and his spear at his side. His dogs were fierce and would attack any creature. His horse was as brave as he. His friends begged of him to wait till he was older and stronger before he went into the deep forests, but he never waited. He had killed bears, wolves and lions. Why should he wait?

But the wild hog is fiercer than a tiger. One spring morning, Adonis wounded two of them, and leaving his dogs to worry one while he killed the other, he left his horse, and running, threw his spear at the hog, but its thick hide was tough and the spear fell to the ground. He took out an arrow, but before he could use it in the bow the ugly beast had caught him with its horrid tusks.

He tore away, bleeding at every step, and,

bounding down a hillside, made for a brook in a glen to bathe his wounds. But the savage beast reached it as soon as he. A flock of white swans that had been drinking from the brook, rose on their strong wings, and, flying straight to their mistress, Venus, told the story.

Back they brought her in her silver chariot, sailing so steadily that from the silver cup of nectar she brought not a drop was spilled.

‘Adonis! Adonis!’ cried Venus. There was nothing but blood drops on the grass, to tell her where he had been. It was all that was left of the handsome hunter.

Venus sprinkled the nectar on these drops, and, in an hour, tiny flower buds showed their heads, and then she sailed away. Soft winds blew the tiny buds open, and at night blew them away. So they were called wind-flowers, or anemones.

Now you know where the pink and purple on them came from, don’t you?”

“Why, mamma, why didn’t tiger-lilies, or something big and showy come, not these pretty little things?”

“I don’t know, John; go and ask Venus.”

Then the boys laughed.

WHERE THE FROGS CAME FROM

You see the sun every bright day, don't you, little boy?

And you see the moon every moonshiny night, little girl?

"Yes, yes," you say. Now, listen, and I'll tell you a story about their mother. No, not about their mother, but about the mother of the god of the sun, and the goddess of the moon, whose names were Apollo, and Diana.

It is about Apollo's and Diana's mother this story is to be.

Once when they were little twin babies, their mother was in great trouble. She had to wander around and around, to get food and drink wherever she could find them.

She went down to a pond one day for water, for the people in the houses were cross, and would not give her any.

And just think of it! These people ran down into the water ahead of her, jumped into the pond and stirred the water so that it was black with mud.

And they called out, "Come and drink, La-

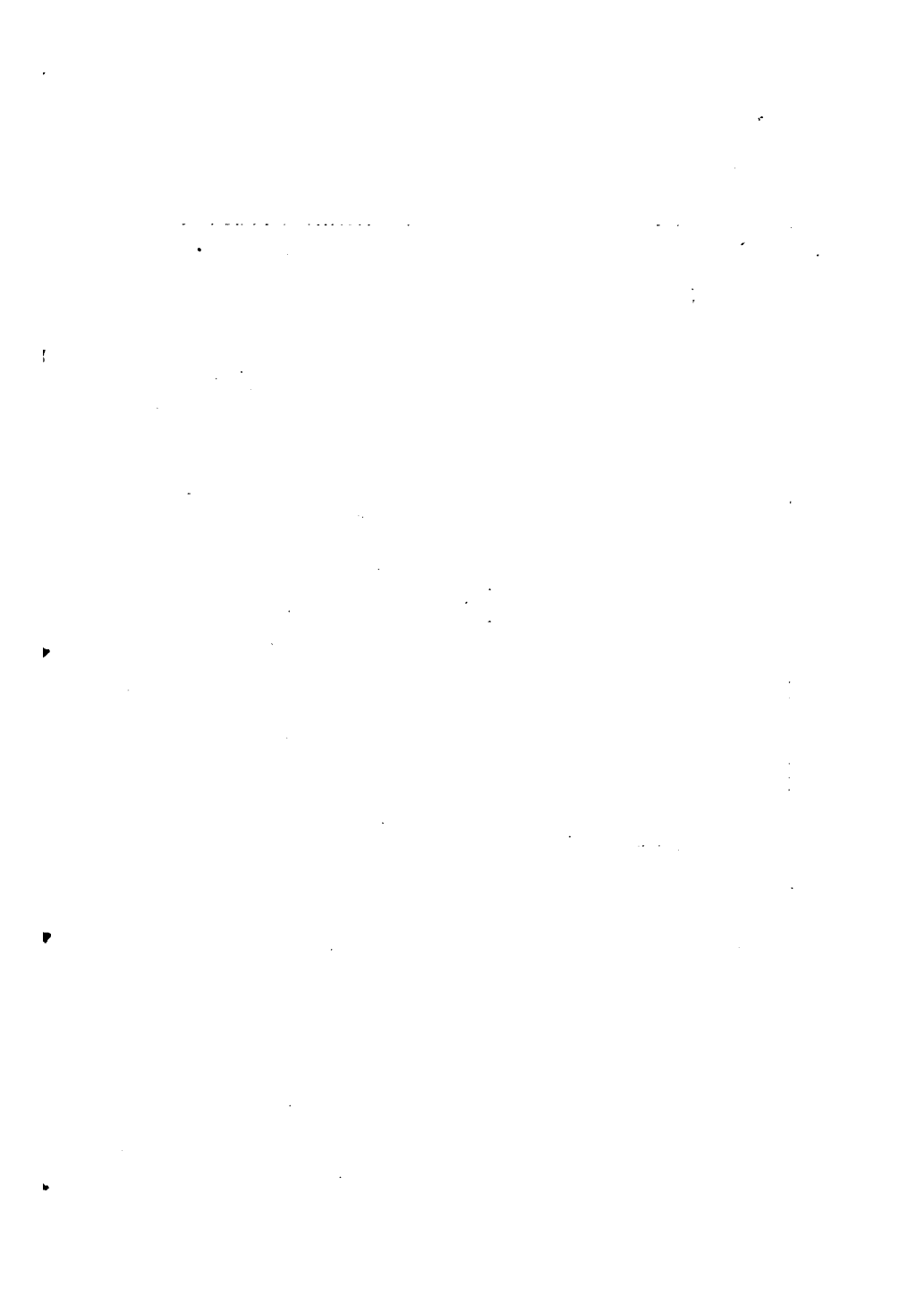
tona! Come and drink, water pure and sweet, Latona!" This the cruel people did until Latona and her babies were so tired and thirsty, they could wait no longer.

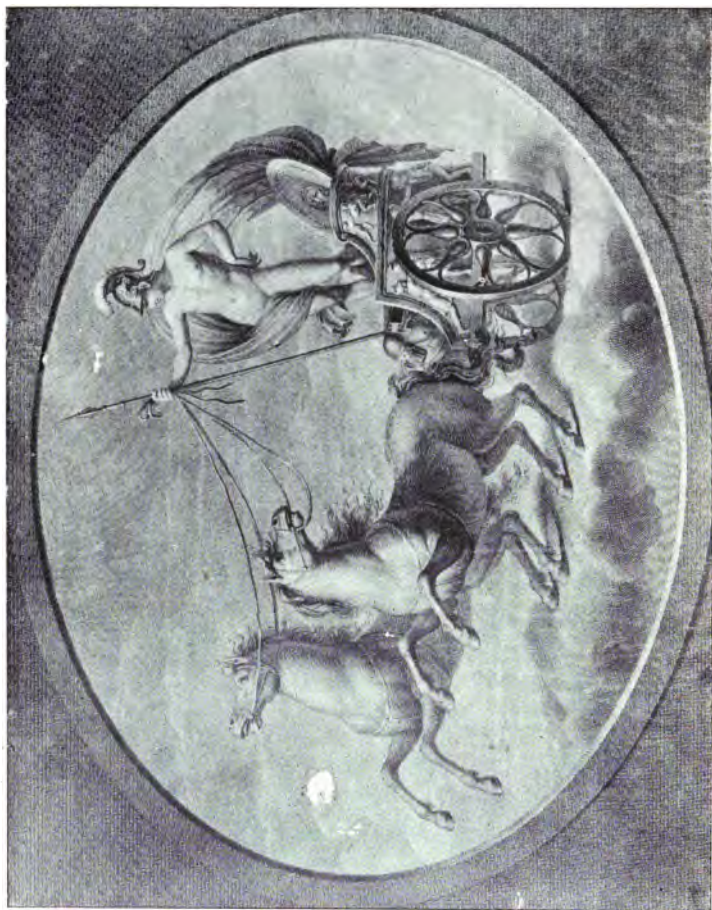
"What makes you do this?" she said, "You have plenty in your wells. Can you not see how these poor babes reach out their hands and beg for water?"

But the rude people were jealous of the beautiful woman and her lovely babes, and they stirred the water till it was blacker, and cried the more, until they were fairly hoarse, "Come and drink! Come and drink!"

Latona put her two babes down on the warm grass. Then she looked straight into the blue sky, and raising up her hands said, "May you never quit that pond in all your lives. Neither you nor your children."

And the story is that Jupiter heard her, and these cruel people never came out. Their heads grew so small; their bodies grew so large; their green coats and white vests turned into skin, and their children wear to-day the same kind of suits their parents wore that day they waded into the pool. And, though they have the whole of the pond to themselves, they croak away as selfishly as did the others





MARS

THE GIRL CHANGED INTO A SUNFLOWER. 91

first at Latona, "Come and drink! Come and drink!" But who wants to drink out of a frog pond?

Little heathen boys who believed this story used to pelt the frogs with stones, and now there are some boys who act just like the little heathen.

THE GIRL WHO WAS CHANGED INTO A SUNFLOWER.

Years ago, there was a beautiful girl who lived near a large garden. This girl's name was Clytie. She had wonderful golden hair, big brown eyes, and was tall and slender.

One cloudy day Clytie saw Apollo in his sun chariot. The clouds were not so thick nor dark but that the great red ball in the sky was as plain to be seen as the white moon on a clear night. Watching it long and closely, she saw the beautiful god Apollo.

After this the foolish girl would go each day into the garden, and, staring up into the sky, would try to see Apollo once more. Each day for more than thirty days, she went and her mother often told her that she would make Apollo angry, for he shines so bright on purpose to hide himself from people on the earth.

"Clytie! Clytie!" her mother would call, "come in and take your sewing."

But Clytie never would obey. Sometimes she would answer: "O, mother, let me stay. He was so beautiful. I have no heart to work."

Apollo saw the foolish girl each day and he became out of patience with her. "Mortal maidens must obey their mothers," he said, and a burning sun arrow fell on Clytie's bright head.

Such a strange change came upon Clytie from that moment. Her brown eyes grew larger and larger; her golden hair stood straight out around her eyes, and her pretty clothing changed into great heart-shaped leaves which clung to a stiff stalk. Her feet grew firmly in the ground, and the ten little toes changed into ten strong roots that went creeping, everywhere, for water.

When Clytie's mother called again no answer came. The mother found, in going into the garden, a flower in place of her child.

And now Clytie always stares at the sun, all day long. In the morning her face is towards the east, and at night it is towards the west.

Did you ever think that the sunflower was once a lovely girl?

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Down in the heart of the woods, there was a clear spring with water like silver. No shepherds ever brought their sheep there to drink, no lions nor other wild beasts came in the night time. No leaves nor branches fell into it, but grass grew there fresh all the year and the rocks kept it from the sun.

One day, a boy hunter found it, and, as he was thirsty, he stooped down to drink. As he stooped down, for the first time in his life he saw his own fair face, but did not know who it was.

He thought it must be a water fairy and he put down his lips, to the water, to speak to this being, but, as soon as he touched the water, away it went from his sight.

"Nothing ever escaped me yet, and here I shall stay till this curly haired creature comes out of the water," he said. "See its shining eyes and smiling mouth." He forgot his hunt, he forgot everything but to watch for this water sprite. When the moon and stars came out, there it was just the same as in the sun-

shine, and so he staid. "It has hands and feet, it moves the same as I do, and I will wait till it comes out."

He saw the face in the water grow thinner, day by day, but never thought of himself. At last, he was too weak to watch any more. His face was as white as the whitest lily, and his yellow hair covered his hollow cheeks. With a sigh, his breath floated away; his head dropped on the green grass, and there was no longer any face in the water.

The fairies came out of the woods and would have covered him with earth, but, looking for him, they found nothing but a lovely flower, with bending head, gazing into the silver spring, just as the boy hunter had done. The fairies told the story to a child; she told it to others, and when they had found this spring in the heart of the woods, they called the flower Narcissus, after the boy hunter who had perished watching his own face in the silver water.

They gathered some buds and took them home. Each year this flower grew in their garden near their fountain, for it still loves the water and seems to be waiting for the secret to be told.

THE NAMING OF ATHENS.

"Has everything a name, father?" asked a wide-awake boy one day.

"Everything I know of has a name," answered the father.

"Well, what is the name of this stone, then," said this wide-awake youth.

"The name of that stone which you have just picked up happens to be granite, my son."

"O, father, you just made that up because I asked you so quickly, I do believe. Really, is it granite? Has a rock a name?"

"Why, certainly, my boy. It seems strange that a boy of ten does not know granite when he sees it."

"But you always lived in the country, father, when you were a boy, and I have not been there hardly a month. O, here is another kind of stone: what is this?"

The father cracked the bit of rock so as to get a fresh surface and then he answered, "Merely common white quartz, Harold. You are giving me very easy specimens, which is lucky for both of us."

"Why, father, I can't tell you how strange it seems to me to think every stone has a name. Where did you learn all their names?"

"I do not know all their names, child. I know only the most common ones. For some kinds of rock or stone I would need quite an outfit, such as you may have seen in the high school sometimes, perhaps."

"Do all the flowers have names, too, father?"

"Harold, if you can find a flower that has not been already named you will be quite famous. Probably then the flower will be named after you. Think of that! There is something to work for; and you were wishing only last night that you could be a famous man."

"O, don't make fun of me, father, please. It seems so strange to think that everything has a name the same as I have. Where did they get them? Did the teachers name them?"

Then Mr. Hadley laughed heartily and said, "O, I expect the teachers named some and everybody else helped them. I don't believe that I have ever stopped to think that it is curious that everything in earth and sea and sky is named. You are a very thoughtful lad and your father is proud of you. Ask all the questions you please."

This praise from his quiet father made Harold happier than anything in the world, for there was no mother now to share his love. Thinking of her and looking at the stars he asked, "Have the stars names, too, father? I mean all of them; I know. those large ones have, for you have told me."

"Yes, Harold, every star has a name of some kind. Some of them only have a letter or else a number. But that answers for a name, you know.

"And all the animals, and all the birds, and all the bugs, and all the—O, dear, everything! O, I'll have to go to school just all my life!"

And then Mr. Hadley laughed again.

"To-day, father, in the geography class I learned about many cities, and there are

more in the large geography. Do you know how any of the cities got their names?"

"What country were you studying about to-day, Harold?"

"It was about Greece, and some of the cities had such long hard names I can't remember any of them. O yes, now I remember Athens. Why, father, you were there once, for I have heard you tell about Greece; and one of the pictures in the parlor is named 'In Athens.' Do tell me something about the place, for I can't make it seem like a real city like New York."

"Do you like olives, Harold?"

"Yes, indeed, I do, and I know you like olive oil. O, to be sure; olives come from Greece. I couldn't think what made you ask such a queer question."

"—Here's a good place for our lunch, Harold. You sit over on that big granite boulder and I'll sit here and we will have a rest from our walk, and perhaps a story with our lunch."

It was a beautiful place in the island beach which Mr. Hadley had chosen for this resting place. The waves lapping against the rocks and sandy shore made music while they dined.

"O, and you have olives, too. Wasn't that

odd, and you were just talking about them, father? Now tell me about Greece, won't you, please?"

"Here is the best place I know of to tell you a tale of the sea, of olives and of Athens, all in one, my boy. You remember that beautiful head of Minerva, which is near my favorite book shelf, do you not? Minerva has another name. She is often called Athena. She was known to the ancient people of Greece as the goddess of wisdom and learning. Now look at the sea and try to remember the name of the king of the sea."

"O, Neptune, father. You have his picture, too, haven't you?"

"Yes, Harold, but now you must learn the name the Greeks called him. It was Poseidon. The story goes that Athena and Poseidon were each very anxious to name a certain city in Greece.

"Jupiter said that he would let the one who brought the greatest gift to the people have the honor of naming the place. And then such a strife began as you can hardly imagine. Poseidon put his wits to work, and called together all his friends for counsel. At last his

gift was settled and ready to take on the day set in which they must appear before Jupiter.

“Minerva, as she was the goddess of wisdom, needed no such help as Poseïdon had asked and received. Her plans were all ready in no time, and she, too, was ready for the great day.

“When that day came all the people of the nameless city came together and watched what was to be brought them. As they were seated on the side of a mountain, Jupiter at the top, on the plain before them appeared King Poseïdon, leading a wonderful black horse. It was covered with gold armor. It pawed the ground and stamped with its hoofs and looked like the leader of a grand army. The people shouted and would have declared for Poseïdon without waiting for his rival, but Jupiter quieted them.

“Then the goddess came forward on the plain. She was very beautiful, very tall, very stately. She seemed to be holding something very small in her hand. She opened her hand before the people, then commanded a gardener to dig a hole in the earth at her feet. Into this hole she dropped this small something which was in her hand. As soon as the earth was over it small leaves came out. Then it grew

instantly into a tree covered with leaves. Its trunk grew larger and larger. It seemed to touch the skies. It was covered with fruit. She showed them how to extract the oil. She showed them how to use the fruit.

"The horse neighed and pawed, and Poseidon laughed at the woman's gift. 'Here is war, glory and power!' he cried.

'Here is life and peace and plenty!' said the goddess.

'The city shall be named for Athena,' came from Jupiter on the mountain top.

"And so was the city of Athens named, and the people loved Athena for her gift of the olive tree."

Harold and Mr. Hadley started from their seats on the sands and rock and walked back to the city. But after that day when the boy thought of geography it meant new things to him.

WHERE LANGUAGE CAME FROM.

A MYTH OF FINLAND.

Vanemuine dwelt on the hill of Taara. He was tired of Finland and his beautiful hill and sent word for all things to come and receive their language before he left for his sky palace.

As the creatures stood around him he opened his lips and sang—sang so sweetly, so softly that the murmur of his harp strings seemed almost harsh beside his voice.

The winds caught the loudest tones. The sacred stream that flows around the Hill of Taara chose the rustling of his garments as his arms moved the mantle on his shoulders while he played.

The trees of the forest heard the rushing of his robes as he descended from the hill top, and have always echoed this sound.

And whoever will sit on the mossy bank of a

brook near by a forest, may even now fancy that Vanemuine is again on earth.

Some creatures listened for the deep tones of the heavy harp strings and their language is now full of those tones. Others loved the lighter harp strings and this music is ever in their voices.

Vanemuine sang holy songs, and the nightingale caught his meaning. When you hear the nightingale pour out her song in the evening hours, you hear the echo of the song the nightingale heard in the Hill of Taara.

Vanemuine sang of love and the spring time. The lark caught some of his sweetest tones and now she sings them to you each morning. Higher and higher she soars in the air and sings, trying to tell of what she heard.

But the poor fishes had a sad time. They could not leave the water, of course. They stretched their heads out of the water to their eyes, but kept their ears under. So they saw the song god move his lips but heard nothing, and they did as he did but made no sound. They do it to this day. Poor dumb fishes.

Only the people who stood around the hill of Taara understood everything that was sung. That is why songs from human lips

make us feel so much more than any other voices.

Vanemuine sang of the glory of heaven and of the beauty of earth. He sang of the flowing waters and of the rustling leaves. He sang of the joys and the sorrows that shall come to all people; to children and to parents, to the old and to the young. So you can see as the people understood his songs, that is why our songs are sweeter than any sung by other creatures.

When Vanemuine had finished he rose on the wings of the winds and went far into cloud-land, where he sang for those who are greater than mankind.

The people of Finland think they can sometimes hear his voice when the forest trees sigh in the wind or the water in the river softly laps against their rocky shore.

Perhaps we may hear him, too, if we listen well.

ENDYMION.

The great ball of fire which we call the sun was sinking down, down behind the clouds. Out of sight it dropped at last. Then how the beautiful sky changed its colors. The bright red of the evening sunlight turned into orange. The orange faded into a glowing yellow with other tints and shades in the fleeting clouds. The yellow changed to amethyst and we watched till even that was gone. Then in the clear blue sky "Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." In the west shone the slender sickle of the new moon.

We were in the country. From our porch we could see a tall hill, at the foot of which was a sheep pasture. The flocks lay asleep in the moonlight. It was a charming picture. The clear sky with its glittering stars and shining

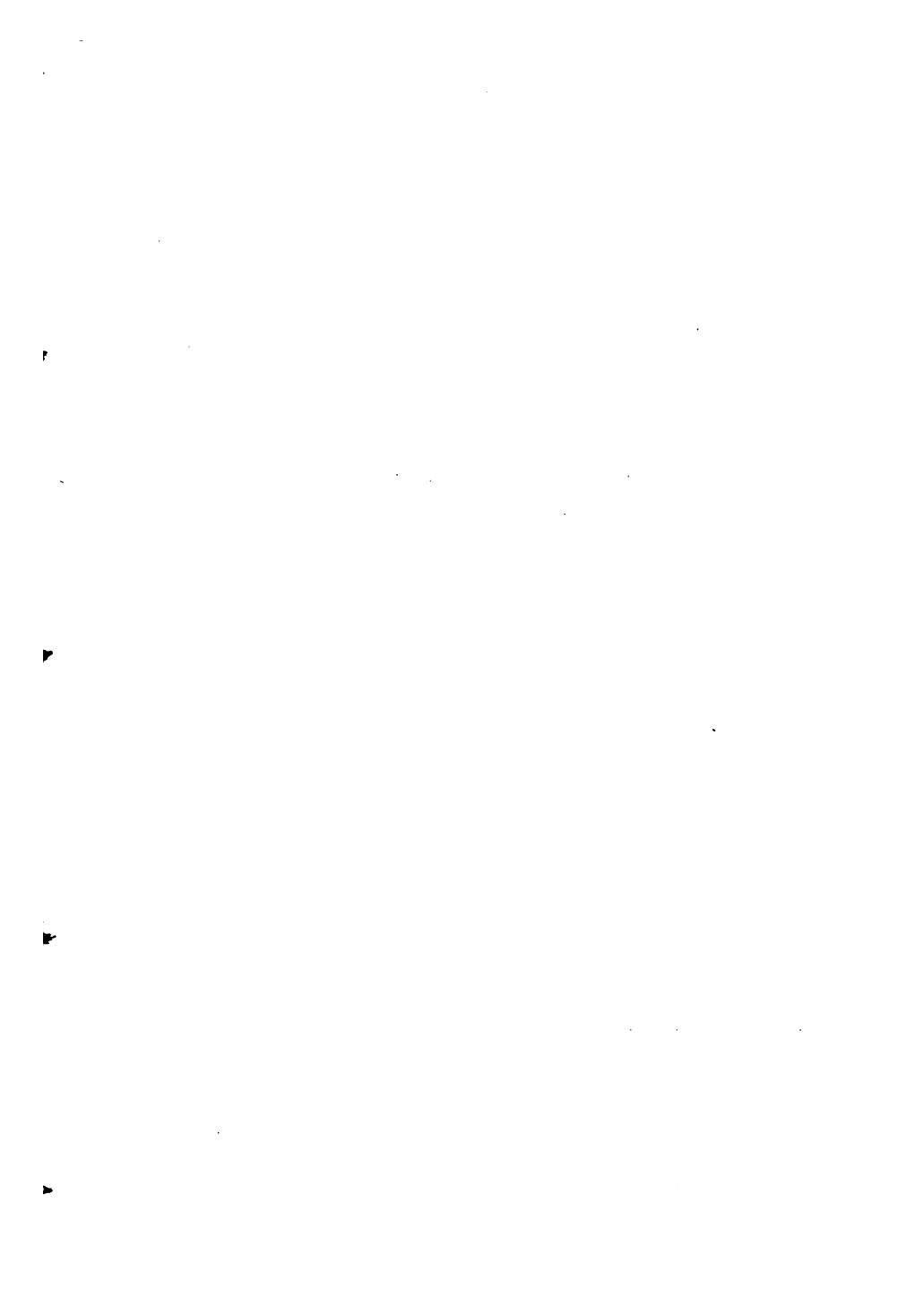
moon watched the sleeping earth with the flocks nestled near its heart.

"Now is the time and place for me to sketch the picture I have always wanted to paint," said a noted artist who was with us on that summer evening. "Diana is here and I will find Endymion."

"Get your paints and brushes and we will go with you," said his niece Alice, who was sitting near him. And that is how his picture of Endymion came to be painted.

We three, the painter, Alice and myself, went down into the sheep pasture. I noticed that the artist carried his handsome traveling rug with him on his arm. When he had selected the place for his sketching easel and arranged his brushes and paints, he turned to me and asked me if I would be willing to pose as Endymion for him.

Wishing to please him I said "Yes", not knowing exactly what was wanted. What do you suppose he did? He wrapped his traveling rug about me, told me to pick out a nice spot in the grass, lie down and go to sleep. That was easy work, to be sure, and I quickly did as much of it as I could. But I did not go





SATURN

to sleep, although my eyes were closed for the two hours in which he sketched.

He stopped at that time because some filmy clouds came drifting slowly over the silver sickle in the sky and the light was gone. And, too, the shadows were already changing so that he could not work. I learned then how pictures are made and that even painting is hard work, no matter how much one loves to do it. The artist worked so steadily that even Alice did not say one word to interrupt him. I knew that she was as anxious as myself to find out who Endymion might have been.

Not a word was said even after he had called to me to come. I had picked up his easel and carried it to the house for him. But when the moon shone out the next evening he told us this story as we went down again to the sheep pasture.

“Endymion was a beautiful youth who was a shepherd. All day long he watched his flocks as they fed by the running streams. At night he turned them toward Mount Latmos. At the foot of this mountain was a flowery plain where he and his charge could safely rest. Each night he lay down beside his sheep in the bright moonlight in perfect content.

"Diana, the goddess of the moon, watched him as he slept. One night she left her chariot and came to earth to see if he were really a mortal. He slept on while Diana stood so near. The moonbeams kissed his hair and Diana floated back to her chariot.

"When Apollo appeared in the sky and her work of scattering the darkness was over, she went to the palace of Jupiter on Mount Olympus. Jupiter asked why she had come.

" 'My father Jupiter, I ask of you one thing. Let Endymion have eternal youth and forever sleep on the plain of Latmos, where I may watch him.' It was granted, and Diana forever guards the flocks while Endymion forever dreams on the beautiful plain in the land across the sea."

The artist finished his story just as we reached the pasture. He wrapped the traveling rug about my shoulders and I lay down again in the same position as on the night before. You may be sure that I fancied Diana standing near me as I lay there, but I was not vain enough to dream that she would mistake me for Endymion.

I saw the picture in a famous gallery years after. No other picture has ever had the same

charm for me as this one. But I am thankful that my life has been a life of work and not of dreaming, no matter how bright such dreams may be.

Some very wise people have tried to explain to me that Endymion was but another name for the dreamy sunset. His flocks were the fleecy clouds of the sky. Diana was the moon which watches the sun till it is far beyond our sight and rests or seems to rest behind some hill which hides it for the night.

I do not know as I like to think of the beautiful sleeper being anything but a shepherd boy resting on the plain of Latmos. Forever young and forever dreaming Endymion sleeps while Diana watches him and his flocks.

ONE MAN WHO HAD ENOUGH MONEY.

Once a poor peasant named Gordius thought he would give himself and family a holiday. He had no horses but his yoke of oxen could draw the heavy wagon very well. He fastened them to his cart and putting in his wife and boy, he got in himself.

When near the city, which was called Phry-

gia, he thought it would look better for him to walk and drive his oxen that way. He did so. There was a great noise in the market place in the middle of the city. He hurried his oxen to that place to know what it was about. He jumped into his wagon to keep out the crowd that was following him and drove to a great oak in the public square, or market place.

Such a welcome as this poor countryman had there ! “Here comes our king!” was the cry from everyone. “We were told he should come this day in a wagon and he has come!” Gordius could not believe what he heard. But the chief men brought the crown and put it on his head and declared him king, and he agreed to do his best to deserve the honor.

The oak near which he had stopped was in front of a temple. Gordius gave away his oxen and taking a heavy rope tied his wagon with a tremendous knot to the oak. The priest came out and declared that whoever in times to come should be able to untie that knot would be king of all Asia. No one ever did untie it. But Alexander the Great came to Phrygia years after and failing to do it he took his sword and dealt the rope such a blow that one stroke cut through the magic knot.

All Asia owned Alexander the Great as king a short time after he left Phrygia and maybe that was the way the rope was to be undone. Anyway, he did not give up as all the rest had done before and that is a good thing for us to remember. Cut the Gordian knots if they will not untie.

The little boy who rode in the wagon was Midas. After his father Gordius died then he was chosen king of Phrygia. He was kind and just to the people, as his father must have been, or they would not have chosen his son Midas. One day while Midas was king some peasants found an old man wandering about in the woods. The forest was strange to him and he had lost his way.

Midas knew him as soon as the peasants had brought him to the king's palace. It was Silenus, a noted teacher in the city. Midas treated Silenus with the greatest respect. For ten days there was feasting and games in the palace in honor of Silenus. On the eleventh day Midas took him back to the house of one of his famous pupils. This pupil or scholar was a person more than mortal, so the story goes. His name was Bacchus. Midas told him all about the finding of Silenus, and Silenus

told all about the pleasant time he had at the king's palace. Then the wonderful Bacchus told Midas he might have anything he should wish for as a reward.

Now Gordius, his father, had always wished for more money, though he had been made king and there was more gold for him and his good queen to spend than you would think he would know how to manage. Midas, too, had wished for money. Yet all his life, since that lucky wagon ride, Midas had seen riches and jewels enough to make him grow tired of such things, one would think. But, no, when Bacchus asked him what he would have Midas said, "Let everything I touch turn into gold."

If you had been there and could have had your choice, what would you have wished for? Can you tell? Never wish for anything quite so foolish as King Midas did, though, for see what trouble it made him.

King Midas leaped back into his chariot. As soon as his feet touched his chariot floor it turned into solid gold. The reins in his hand became gold. He returned to his palace and the people thought it must be Apollo come to earth, everything was so glorious. His wife met him in the palace halls. One touch and

she was turned into a golden statue. No help, no rescue! Midas went out into his garden and reached for the fruit that hung on the trees. Nothing but gold after he had touched it. Gold, gold, gold! How he hated the sight of it. His food and drink were gold. His friends, his home, even his pillow was hard, cold gold.

In a few hours he raised his arms, glittering with cloth of gold, in prayer, beseeching Bacchus to take his gift away. Bacchus was kind and said, "Go to the river Pactolus, find its fountain head, plunge in and when your body is covered, your fault will be washed away." Poor King Midas did just as he was told. When he touched the water the strange power went into the river. The river sands changed into gold and to this day grains of gold are found by the river Pactolus.

After that Midas lived in the country and dressed as plainly as his poorest peasant. He was so thankful to be free from his terrible gift that he never wanted anyone to remind him of the time when everything he touched turned to gold. But even in the country, the yellow plums, pears and apples reminded Midas of the fruit he had touched in his own garden.

In autumn, when golden leaves are falling everywhere and the grain is waving in the field, one may fancy King Midas is in our own land.

OLD GRASSHOPPER GRAY.

“O, grasshopper, grasshopper gray,
Give me molasses and then hop away.”

That is what Bessie Allen said to the little creature she held between her thumb and fingers. Did you ever say that rhyme? I should not wonder if you had a hundred times.

The grasshopper in Bessie's fingers seemed very ready to give her nice brown molasses from his little mouth and then she let him hop away while she went to catch another. And still she did not want that molasses; all she wanted was the fun of catching the little hop-pity-hops as she sometimes called them.

“Come, catch me! I'm a hopper,” called out her five-year-old brother Willie. And she saw the little fellow hopping through the grass.

Bessie had so much fun trying to catch this new "grasshopper gray," that she forgot all about the little creature she had been pinching.

At last she had her arms around her brother Willie. "Now you are caught," she said. "Give me some molasses." And then they both laughed so hard that mamma heard them as she came to the door to look for them.

That night, their mamma said to their papa, "I have a new name for Willie." "What is it?" said their papa. "Tithonus," said their mamma. "When I was in school, one of my lessons was about the beautiful goddess Aurora. She was said to open the rosy gates of dawn with her own fingers so that the wonderful horses of Apollo might enter to their track through the sky. She was so beautiful that Tithonus who lived on the earth, always watched for the sunrise and the sunset that he might see Aurora. After a while she began to watch for him too. She looked down on the wakening world and every morning found him almost the only one who enjoyed the glorious colors Apollo painted on the sky with his arrows of light. One morning she dared to sing to him, and then he answered that it was Aurora and not Apollo that he tried to see

each sunrise. She loved him for this and became his wife.

As she could live forever for she was a goddess, she wanted him to live forever. The gods and goddesses never drink wine nor water but ambrosia from golden goblets. She brought a golden goblet of ambrosia to Tithonus on the earth and after he had taken a drink, told him the happy news that after that drink he now should live forever.

For forty years they lived and loved each other dearly, then Aurora saw that Tithonus instead of growing older was growing smaller.

When he was seventy five years old he was like a boy of ten.

When he was one hundred years old he was like a little baby, only he was so lively, and could run as fast as a man.

When he was one hundred and twenty five years old, she could not find anything but his voice. He was so nimble and with his head bent down to the ground he did not look any more like a man, and he made his home in the dusty roadside grass. But every sunrise and every sunset he sat upon the tallest spear of grass he could find and chirped to Aurora as she opened and closed the gates of the sky for

Apollo. But Aurora forgot all about the little gray grasshopper after a while. I don't think Tithonus has forgotten her for all his grasshopper friends chirp the same song that he taught them when he first came to live among them."

"Poor old Tithonus!" said Bessie. "Why, no," said her papa, "Mamma said, he never could grow old, and that he could never die. Maybe he was the first one to give you molasses today. Yes, perhaps that was ambrosia instead of molasses that the gray grasshopper dropped from his lips."

"O, papa, papa," laughed both Willie and Bessie. "Don't talk any more and we won't catch another grasshopper."

PROSERPINE.

Once upon a time the earth was very young, so young and the people upon it so pure and good that they could hear the morning stars as they sang together. It was during this golden age, as it is now called, that one morn-

ing in the early spring-time a little group of girls were playing together and gathering wild flowers.

One of these girls was named Proserpine. She was the gayest one among them. Her little feet danced everywhere and her little fingers seemed to touch the flowers as lightly as the butterfly that flitted by her.

Finally, she danced close to the edge of a great chasm in the ground. Looking down she saw a yellow daffodil growing on the edge of the chasm. Leaning over to pick it, she felt herself caught by her dress and the next minute found herself sailing far down into the earth through the great chasm. She was in a chariot drawn by great black horses which were driven by a driver who seemed to be both deaf and dumb. He neither answered when she plead with him to take her back nor even seemed to hear her.

The girls who were left had missed her almost the moment she was out of sight, but no one knew what had happened. "Come back!" she heard the girls call to her, but not one answer came up from the chasm nor from the forest near them. Only Echo mocked their cry of "Proserpine! O, Proserpine, come back!"

"She has vanished from our sight" the girls said. "I always felt as though she had wings beneath that plain brown dress which she wore," said another of the girls.

"But who can tell Queen Ceres, her mother?" they asked each other.

They all went together to Queen Ceres and told her what had happened.

The good queen wept bitterly. That day she laid aside her regal robes and began her search for Proserpine. Up and down the world went this noble mother seeking for her lost daughter. At last she came to the land of King Celeus. When Ceres had reached his land she was so ragged and poor, in looks at least, that she was glad to earn money by taking care of the king's baby son.

As nurse to the little prince Queen Ceres was happy again. Because she was the goddess of the wheat and the fruits, the crops upon the lands of King Celeus were wonderful. But no rain fell and no corn nor apples grew in the land near Mount *Ætna*, where Proserpine had been lost.

Juno sent Iris down to earth to beg of Ceres to give rain to the suffering people of her own home. Ceres said no rain should come till

Proserpine came back to her mother again. So one day as Ceres was weeping by a fountain, her tears fell into the flowing water and, as they did so, she heard a voice from the fountain. "Why do you grieve so, Queen Ceres?" said the water sprite or nymph.

"Proserpine, my beautiful daughter, is gone from me," said Ceres. "I have sought everywhere on the earth for her. I cannot find my daughter."

"Listen to me," said the voice from the fountain. "I have seen her. She is not on the earth; she is in the earth. She is in the palace of King Pluto who rules below. I saw her as I ran with a river through Pluto's kingdom. She longs to come back to you."

Queen Ceres was like a stone for a time after she heard the story told by the falling waters of the fountain.

"Proserpine alive and longing for her!" It did not seem true but she would know soon. Taking back the child to its mother she hid herself in a forest and called for her chariot and sailed straight to the top of Mount Olympus, where Jupiter sat on his throne.

She begged of him to command his brother Pluto to return her daughter to her.

"It is granted on one condition ; that is that Proserpine has never tasted food nor drink since she has been beneath the earth."

Mercury, the wing-footed messenger, and Flora, the goddess of Spring, sought the center of the earth to bring back Proserpine to Ceres.

Pluto loved his stolen prize as much as her mother did ; and, being unhappy because she refused to eat, succeeded at last in making her taste one of the beautiful pomegranates that are both food and drink.

Even while she was tasting it Mercury and Spring stood at Pluto's gate, with the command to return her to Ceres.

What was to be done? Mercury, quick-witted as well as quick-footed, decided that if she returned to Ceres for half the year and to Pluto the other half, Jupiter's commands would be satisfied. It proved to be as Jupiter wished.

So, arrayed in shining green, she swiftly set out with Flora and Mercury to find Queen Ceres. Ceres saw her the instant her bright head appeared above the brown earth and knew her through her disguise. You remember when Proserpine was taken she wore a plain brown suit.

Together they lived, the mother and daughter, through the bright Spring days and the warm Summer weather. When Autumn came Proserpine donned her brown suit again and Pluto claimed her. There she reigns below all the cold winter months. Happy now because Queen Ceres is happy and knows that when Spring comes again Proserpine will come back to her.

Can you guess who Proserpine is? You have seen her a thousand times. Yes, and when you see her again you will say how strange that the Greeks could tell such a story of a—little brown seed.

PEGASUS,

THE HORSE WITH WINGS.

There is an old myth of a winged horse, that is very charming.

This beautiful creature was cared for by the nine muses. These nine fair daughters of Jupiter taught men all that is known of music, poetry, history and the stars. It was said and believed

that they helped people to remember the things they taught.

And now even their names are forgotten except by the few who love to remember those whom others forget.

The winged horse appeared at the fountain of the muses in Mount Helicon, one beautiful summer morning. The laughing Thalia, the muse of comedy, saw him as she dropped from the sky. Dancing Terpsichore tried to take him by the mane, but the white wings flashed in her face and the wonderful steed was gone before she had touched him.

Urania, the muse who loved the stars, believed that he was from some star world.

Clio, the muse of history, knew that no such creature had ever lived on earth before. They all watched for his return.

The next morning he was seen again at the fountain; after that he came each day.

The muses named him Pegasus.

"We know that there is a work for all created things. What can be his?" the sisters asked each other.

Sure enough his work came at last.

Bellerophon was a brave young soldier in another land. He was so bold, so fearless and

so handsome that those who ought to have been his friends became jealous of him. That means trouble you know.

Belleróphon wished to travel. His king gave him letters on parchment to take to King Iobates of Lycia.

King Iobates did not read the letters for ten days after Belleróphon came to Lycia. During those ten days there was feasting and dancing in honor of the new guest.

After the feasts of welcome were over, King Iobates read the letters and found that the one who sent them wanted Belleróphon punished for certain misdeeds which people said he had done.

It was a sharp trick to send such letters by the very person who was to be punished. King Iobates was puzzled as to what to do.

Then some of his wise men told him of the terrible chimera that was in the west of his kingdom. This strange creature had the head of a lion, the body of a goat and of a crocodile. Its breath was flames of fire, so the peasants said. Nobody dared to attack it.

"Just the thing" said Iobates to himself, and sent for Bellerophon.

"You are the one to rid my country of this

terrible monster. Do you dare to try such a task?"

Brave Bellerophon answered, "I have no fear; my heart is pure; my strength is as the strength of ten; I will go."

That night he slept in the temple of Minerva, the wise goddess. He dreamed that Minerva brought him a golden bridle and told him to go to the fountain of Pirene and find Pegasus.

When he awoke the golden bridle was in his hand.

He went to the fountain and there he saw Pegasus drinking. Bellerophon held up the bridle and for the first time Pegasus was caught.

The brave soldier sprang on the winged horse's back and Pegasus struck his hoofs once against the earth, then sprang lightly towards the sky; he spread his wings and the nine Muses saw him sailing in the air with a rider on his back.

"He has found his work" said Clio.

Bellerophon could see all over the land. He found the terrible chimera and slew it. For all its strange shape and fearful looks it was not such a fierce animal as he had feared.

Pegasus took his rider quickly back to King

Iobates' palace and vanished. He was found the next morning by the nine Muses drinking at their fountain.

Bellerophon was given another hard task to do when the king found that he had lived through his first work.

Pegasus came at his call and with his help everything was easy.

But as soon as one work was done King Iobates found another.

Bellerophon suspected nothing and went bravely out to help his friend the king.

At last King Iobates said he had nothing more for him to do. Bellerophon married the king's daughter and lived quietly at home in Lycia.

Pegasus, the pet of nine Muses, became so gentle that he would let them soar to the skies on his back, but no mortal but Bellerophon dared to touch him.

Bellerophon, having no great earthly tasks to do any more, called his winged steed one morning and dared to attempt to guide him to Mount Olympus on whose lofty top sat the great Jupiter on his throne in the clouds.

Jupiter seeing him coming sent a single gad-fly to sting the tender skin of Pegasus. The

gadfly dealt the cruel blow and proud Pegasus thought Bellerophon had dared to strike him.

He reared upon his haunches and sent Bellerophon reeling downward to earth, the victim of a selfish wish to simply outdo others. Bellerophon fell upon a rocky field. It was a barren plain outside of any city. His fall made him both lame and blind. Far from his friends he wandered alone living as best he could. It is not told what became of him. His winged steed fled to the fountain on Mount Helicon and never came again at his call. Pegasus could never forget the sharp sting of the gadfly. He was never seen again by mortals.

But some have fancied that those who love the Muses see him even in these days, and that the flash of his golden bridle is caught by a gifted few once in each century.

BALDUR, THE GOOD.

Baldur, the youngest brother of Thor was called The Good. His thoughts were all so kind and his ways were so pleasant that all those who lived in Asgard, which was the home of the Norse god, loved him.

Baldur was the happiest one in all Asgard. But Baldur's dreams were so strange that his nights were unhappy, even after happy days.

He feared danger. Then Frigga, his mother, who was the wife of Odin, went to the sea and made it promise that no water should drown Baldur.

She went to the fire and made it promise also, not to harm her son.

Everything promised to let no evil come upon Baldur, The Good.

Fire and water, iron and all the other metals, stones and trees all promised. Birds, beast and creeping things all agreed to help and never hurt Frigga's youngest son.

Odin, his father, went to ask a wise old woman what his son's dreams meant. She was dead, and Odin went to the center of the

universe to find her. She gave him what help she could, and Odin and Frigga felt that now nothing could hurt their child.

The other gods that lived in Asgard now knew that Baldur was safe from all harm. To prove this and to have a little fun among themselves, they used to amuse each other by using him as a mark at which to throw their spears or darts.

Setting Baldur in the middle of the ring these gods of Asgard would each one throw something at him.

If a stone struck him it would only glance off and never hurt. No arrows could pierce his skin. Nothing harmed him and Baldur would smile as they played their rough part with him knowing that no one among them would harm him.

But Loki was different from all the others in Asgard. He could not endure to have Baldur so loved and he wanted some one to harm him.

Loki dressed himself up as an old woman and went to Frigga's house. Kind Frigga took the old woman by the hand and brought her into the palace.

Loki in the shape of the old woman pretended to be very friendly.

"Do you know what the gods are doing to Baldur when you are not by?" Loki asked.

"Yes, they are proving that all things have kept their promise not to hurt my boy."

"What," said the old woman, "have all things promised not to hurt Baldur?"

"All things," said Frigga. "All but one little plant that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla. It is called the mistletoe. It is so weak and small that I did not ask it to join with the others. I thought it could harm no one."

The old woman left Frigga's palace. In a few minutes Loki appeared on the eastern side of Valhalla and clutched a bit of the mistletoe growing in an old oak that shaded Odin's palace. No one saw him, for he was as sly as a fox and as tricky. Hiding the mistletoe in his hand he hurried back to the circle of gods who were seated around Baldur.

One blind god was outside the ring.

"Why don't you join in the sport?" asked the wicked Loki.

"I cannot see where Baldur is; and nothing could or would harm any one so good," said the blind god.

"I will show you where to sit and you shall have this little sprig that is in my hand to

throw. You must not be left out because you are blind," and Loki handed the mistletoe to him.

The others welcomed the blind god to the ring and made him happy by telling him that Baldur smiled at all of their strokes.

"Let me throw next," said Hodur the blind god. Loki stood by him and directed his hand as Hodur threw the mistletoe.

Poor Baldur! The mistletoe pierced his heart through and through. He fell backward and never smiled again.

Hodur was wild with grief. The other gods knew that the treacherous Loki had done it and did not blame Hodur. Frigga asked who would dare to ride to Loki's home to bring back Baldur.

Hermod, called the nimble, an older brother of Baldur, said he would go.

Odin, his father, also called Woden, told him to take the horse Sleipnir. Sleipnir had never carried any one but Odin himself. Sleipnir had twice as many legs as any other horse. He made eight tracks instead of four.

Hermod mounted on Sleipnir and rode nine days and nine nights until he came to the land of Death where Loki loved to stay.

Hela, who ruled there, said Baldur might return if all things above mourned for him.

Hermod rode back and asked all things if Baldur should return. All begged for Baldur but one old hag, who sat on the side of a mountain. Everything wept for Baldur but her. Tears stood on the rocks about her as we have seen drops on the hardest rock in early morning. The leaves of the trees shed drops of grief. This old hag refused to weep. Baldur could not return.

The gods believed that the old creature was Loki in this form after the test was over. And it must have been the evil Loki, for nothing else would have been so cruel.

Loki met his punishment at last, but that did not save the golden-haired Baldur, the son of Odin and Frigga.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

There is a legend about the name of the dear little blue flower everyone loves so much.

It is said that two young people were walking by a river that flows into the Rhine. The girl saw a lovely flower growing just by the water's edge. The bank of the river was very steep and the water very swift.

"O, the beautiful flower," she cried.

"I will get it for you," said the boy. He sprang over the side of the steep bank, and catching hold of the shrubs and bushes made his way to the place where the flower grew.

He tried to tear the plant from the earth with both hands, hoping to get it all for her who was watching him from the bank above.

The stem broke and still clasping the flower he fell backward into the rushing stream.

"Forget me not," he cried to her, as the waters bore him down to the falls below. She never did forget her blue-eyed friend who had lost his life trying to get for her a simple flower.

"Forget-me-not," she would say over and over again, till her friends called the little blue flower by this name.

Forget-me-nots now they are called all over the world. And whether this story is true or only a legend, the dear little flower can never have a prettier name.

THE OLDEST RIDDLE.

'O, Johnnie, let us pop corn to-night and sit 'round the fire and tell riddles. Won't you?"

"Just what I like, Willie. I'll be over at seven o'clock," and John ran home across the street.

At seven o'clock John was back again in Willie's room upstairs, where there was a pleasant little open grate fire. There was a pan of popcorn on the table and a corn-popper lay beside it.

"O, let me shell the lot in the first popper," said John, "I'm company and ought to be favored."

Will laughed and said, "All right, if you like to work." The half gill or so of popeorn was soon ready, and with the lid fastened down,

John thrust the wire basket over the fire and waited till the kernels were warm enough to begin their rolling and squirming.

"Now, Will, give us a riddle quick or I can't have time to guess it."

"Well, tell me how many wells it takes to make a river, if you can, John."

"O, that's easy, I knew that one years ago. Give me a harder one, Will."

"No, you must answer every single one. If they are easy, then answer quick."

"O, you know one well will make a river if the well is big enough. Tell another."

"Well, here it is," said Will:

Eleven pears hanging high,

Eleven men riding by,

Each one took a pear

And left but ten hanging there."

"O, just see this corn pop!" was what John answered. The corn seemed to take all his attention for a long time, till finally his entertainer asked, "What's the answer to my riddle, John?"

"You made a mistake when you said that, because you see—well—you see it can't be true. If each one took a pear, don't you see there could not be any left."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Will. "You give up on that do you?"

"Yes, I do. What is the answer?"

"O, nothing, only Mr. Eachone took a pear as he was riding by. O, here's another," said Will. "You won't give up on this one so quickly as you did that, I know.

White bird, featherless,
Flew out of Paradise,
King came, footless,
Ate it up, toothless,
Rode away, horseless,

Who was he? What was it?"

"O, just see this corn pop!" was what John answered. The corn someway seemed still to take all his attention and Will asked again, "What's the answer to my riddle, John?"

"That's a hard riddle, Will, and I've been thinking and thinking. Where did you hear it, anyway?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Will. "You give up on this, do you? Well, the white bird was the snow, and the king was the sunshine. Isn't it a good one?"

"Telling riddles are you, boys?" said Mr. Bancroft as he came into the room. "Will is like me, I liked riddles when I was a boy."

"Now, papa," said Will, "you must tell John about that queer animal you saw in Egypt. Why, John, it was half woman and half lion, and had eagle wings on either shoulder. Tell it, papa."

"O, the Sphynx, you mean, don't you, my boy? Then first you must run down to my library and get that brown book covered with pictures of beetles."

Will bounded down the stairs and soon came back with the brown book. His father found the picture of the Sphynx which was in it.

"O, what a homely lady!" said John, who always spoke what he thought and sometimes felt sorry afterwards.

"Was she ever alive?" was his next remark.

"O, no, only just in a story," said Mr. Bancroft. "This monstrous Sphynx is cut from solid rock, and is now nearly buried in the desert sand. You can see how large it must be by the smallness of the two men standing by. The face seems strangely solemn. No one laughs even if it is so broken. It is old, so old that if it could answer our questions it could tell almost all of the history of the world. But you better go on with your corn popping, John."

"O, no, here's enough now for us three, and I'll pop more when anybody else comes in. Please tell us some more about the old Sphynx," was John's reply.

"O, John, how queer it sounds when you ask it that way! I feel almost afraid of such a big creature," said Will.

Mr. Bancroft went on to say: "The first Sphynx was noted for its strange riddle. Whoever could not guess this riddle was torn to pieces. After a while, Œdipus, the clumsy-footed, walked bravely up to its front and asked it for its riddle. Now, see if both you boys can guess it. If not, think what might happen to you if I was not handy by to tell you as some one did Œdipus. Here is the riddle, the oldest one in the whole world:

"What is the animal that is first four-legged, then two-legged, then three-legged?"

And what do you suppose John answered then? Why he fairly screamed, "A chair!"

Then they all three laughed. "That is the first time that I ever knew that a chair was an animal," said Mr. Bancroft.

"A monkey!" guessed Will. Then there was another laugh which brought sister Nellie and Mrs. Bancroft up stairs.

"O, mamma, please guess this creature's riddle or we will all be eaten up," was Will's welcome to her.

Mamma looked at the picture of the Sphynx and at Mr. Bancroft, and then said, "Shall I tell it?"

Mr. Bancroft said, "Yes, if both the boys give up." Both the boys nodded their heads eagerly and said, "Yes, please!" So Mrs. Bancroft whispered something very softly in Will's ear. Do you know what it was? Just two words and four letters. "A man."

There was another hearty laugh when Will said it aloud, and John quickly started to pop some more corn.

"I'm glad papa asked that riddle, and not the Sphynx," said Will a minute later.

THE THUNDER STORM.

"Philip, just hear them rolling barrels up in the sky!"

"Rolling barrels? I don't call it that. That's wagons going over London Bridge," said George. "Well, Maud, you needn't look so surprised. We're only talking about that

thunder we hear every few minutes. I do believe it's going to storm, right away. We better be getting into the house. Come Philip," and George led the way.

"O, George and Philip, come here this minute to the window and watch the clouds! Did you ever see such terribly black ones? Just see the lightning! O, I can't endure that thunder!" and Maud hid her face with her apron, covering her ears as well as her eyes.

"O, nonsense, Maud. Let us play that it is only Mars out for a frolic. When you get to be a high school student you will not be quite so easily scared," said her big brother George.

At this minute a splendid flash of forked lightning came and a terrific crash of thunder followed. Each one of the three at the window dodged as if struck by a blow, the noise was so violent.

"Ha! ha! Mr. High School, you are just as afraid as I am," laughed sister Maud.

"I was only showing my respect to Mars. Just saluting him, that was all. Come up into papa's library and I'll find the picture of Mars and then you will enjoy his battles better."

Up in the library they found the book and in it the picture George had told them about.

"This is no god of thunder, but the god of war," said Philip, "and see, he is called Arēs, too."

"Well, we all have two names and you ought not to be so selfish as not to allow him the same privilege," laughed George.

"O, yes," said Philip, "it says here on the next page, in Latin his name is Mars, in Greek Ares. 'Earth-shaker' it means. O, isn't that queer?" They all laughed while a peal of thunder shook the house.

"Keep at it, Earth-shaker," called out George.

"O, George. Look here! This book says that he covered ten rods of ground when he lay on the earth. What a giant! No wonder he can shake the earth when he comes out for war. There goes another arrow. O, what lightning!"

"May be, you know, Philip, that the ancients used to worship him as the god of war. But isn't this storm like a fearful battle? See the flashes of lightning across the sky."

"Isn't it grand? See Mars riding over the trees in his war chariot. See the tops of the trees bend under him. Hear his voice calling to his army. May be you think it is the wind, but I'm thinking that it is something else."

"O, look George," said Maud, "see those two black clouds meeting! I'm glad they are so high up in the air. Why, they look as if they were really wrestling and whirling together. O, I'm glad papa's in the next room." At this all three laughed again, for Maud's remark showed why she had so little fear now.

"The storm king is nearly through and the battle is about finished. I can see quite a piece of blue sky, and if there isn't a fine rainbow! Come, let us all go and find the pot of gold at the end of it," said Philip. And out-of-doors all three went.

A little soft breeze was all that was left of the fierce wind and George told them of the great Pan, the god of the air. The pine tree which stood near their home sighed in the gentle breeze and it seemed just the time to tell Maud how Pan once loved a beautiful girl in far away Greece. "Old Boreas the northwind was fiercely jealous and hurled the maiden from a high rock on which she was standing, listening to the voices of the air. As she touched the soil below the high rock she was changed into a pine tree. Through the branches and needles of the pine tree you still hear Pitys, the maiden, sighing for her friend."

"No, you hear Pan sighing for her, I think," said thoughtful little Maud.

"May be that is it," said George. "Any way this storm is over and you didn't go to bed and hide your head as you did the last time."

"No, and we know about Mars or Ares, and Pan and poor Pitys, the pine tree. Storms and winds go together and so did your stories, George," said Philip.

"Now, let us do the same thing then, and all go together to supper. Come on, this clear air makes me hungry." Away the three went into the house. After supper they went out again to look at the sky. The stars were shining like diamonds; each one as brilliant as if it were trying to outdo its neighbor. Maud noticed one star that looked very red to her and asked George if it was really red.

"Yes, that is what I should call red, Maud," answered George, "And, by the way, you have happened to ask about the very one I wanted you to. This red planet, or star as you call it, is named Mars. So you see we have found him again. Some people used to think that his shining in the sky had a very bad effect upon men on the earth but we are not so foolish as to believe such things now-a-days."

"Someway I have always liked to watch Mars myself, and I'll go in the house now and get mamma's opera glass and we will all have a peep at his majesty."

George brought out the opera glass and, from the delight Maud and Philip expressed in word and action, I believe that everyone would be surprised and delighted with a look at Mars. Try it.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

In a cave by the seashore lived an old, old woman. This very old woman was also very wise. She remembered every thing that had ever happened and she knew almost everything that would happen in her own country.

She lived in Italy and was called the Sibyl.

She was very kind to one man named Æneas when he came to her cave to question her one day. She even took him far down into the center of the earth, into Pluto's kingdom, to see some one whom Pluto had carried away.

When they came back Æneas said he would build a temple to her and have gifts brought to her. She had so much power and was so

wise he felt she must be more than mortal. But she would not have Æneas do anything of the kind. She told him her story. It was this:

"Apollo saw me when I was young and told me to ask him for any gift I would have. Apollo and I were standing on the seashore. I stooped down and picked up my two hands full of the white sand at our feet."

"Give me as many birthdays as there are grains of sand in my hand, O Apollo," I said.

"It is granted," said Apollo. "But, Æneas, in my foolishness I forgot to ask for everlasting youth, also."

When one hundred grains of sand had slipped away from the glass in which I kept them all, I was old. My youth was gone.

Seven hundred grains have gone now. I have counted the rest. I shall see three hundred more springs and three hundred more harvests, then the Sibyl will be no more. But see how my body has shriveled. Soon I shall be only a warning voice to the children of men, but I shall live till the grains are gone from that glass. While my voice lasts men will respect my sayings. I will always, while on earth, help men and warn them."

Æneas went with her into her cave. The leaves were thick on the floor. The Sibyl picked them up one by one and wrote with an eagle's quill on each one.

She let him read them as long as he wished to do so. He found they were warnings to many of his friends. Some were for people he never had seen. The Sibyl placed them in rows on the ledges of rock inside the cave.

A fierce wind blew into the cave and carried the written leaves away.

"Save them, O Sibyl," cried Æneas.

"My work is to write, Æneas. I am no man's slave. If he wishes his leaf he must come for it before the wind takes it away. There are thousands of leaves not written upon yet. But no man may have the second leaf. He must be here on time."

"One leaf, one life," said Æneas. "I see your meaning and go about my work, O, Sibyl. My ship shall sail to-day. Each day shall bring me nearer my journey's end and when I reach my home, the leaves on my forest trees shall teach me your lesson over again. I will rise early each day and be the first in all things. Even the winds shall not be quicker than I am in the work it is my duty to do. Farewell."

Here is another story told of the Sibyl. It shows that she could write on something else.

She appeared one day at the king's palace gate with a heavy burden on her back. The keeper finally let her in.

With a guard on either side the Sibyl was shown into the presence of the king.

The burden proved to be nine large books closely written. She offered them for sale at an enormous price. The king refused to pay it. The Sibyl only smiled and threw three of the books into the open fire. The king had wished to own those three for he knew that future things were written in them.

"I have now six books, and the price is the same as for the nine. Does the king want them?" The king hesitated. While he was thinking what to do, the little old woman threw three more into the fire.

"I have now three books and the price is the same as for the nine. Does the king want them? And the king said "Yes," without a minute's waiting.

The little old woman vanished. Her thousand years were nearly gone, but her voice was still heard for many years when people visited her cave.

The king searched the three books and found that all things concerning his city, Rome, were foretold in them for hundreds of years. Perhaps many wars and troubles would have been stopped if he had bought all the books, instead of only three.

It is usually best to decide a matter very quickly when one knows that nothing can be gained by waiting.

THE MILKY WAY.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

Soon after the world was made, God created a beautiful maiden and gave her charge over all the birds beneath the heavens. Her name was Lindu. Her father's name was Uko. He knew all the birds of passage, where they came from in the spring and where they went in autumn, and he sent each flock on its way.

Lindu cared for the birds with a tender heart, like a mother for her children, and gave them help whenever it was possible. She sent the stormy wind to blow the dust into the eyes of the fierce hunters when they were seeking to slay her pets. It was not surprising

that all the world loved her, those in the sky most of all.

The North Star wished to make her his wife. He drove up to Uko's palace with a grand coach drawn by six brown horses, and in the coach were ten fine presents. But Lindu did not love him. "You must always stay in one place, and cannot stir from it," said she. "Go back to your watch tower."

Then came the Moon drawn in a silver coach by ten brown horses, and the Moon brought twenty presents. But Lindu did not love the Moon. "You change your face too often and not your path, and that will never suit me," she said, so the Moon drove away wearing his saddest face.

Scarcely had the Moon gone before the Sun drove up. He rode in a golden coach drawn by twenty gold-red horses with diamond eyes, and he brought thirty presents with him. But all his grandeur went for nothing with Lindu, for she said, "I don't like you. You always run in the same track day by day, just like the Moon. I love the changing seasons, the changing winds, anything that changes." At that the red-gold horses leaped away and Lindu was alone with her birds.

At length the Northern Light came from his home in the midnight land in a diamond coach drawn by a thousand white horses. He was so grand that Lindu went to the door to meet him. His servants carried a whole coach load of gold and silver, pearls and jewelry into her house. She loved this bright changeful one at once. "You do not travel the same path all the time like the others. You set out when you wish and rest when it pleases you. Each time you wear a new robe and each time you ride in a new coach with new horses. You shall be my bridegroom." And Lindu's choice was made.

The news was sent throughout the world and guests came, from the four sides of the sky and of the earth, to greet Lindu and the Northern Light. It was agreed that the wedding should be when the birds flew South. Back to his home in the midnight land went the Northern Light knowing that Lindu loved him best.

The mountain torrent which fell half a thousand feet over the mountain side sent Lindu her bridal veil. The Frost King sent her laces, so fine that a breath of summer air would have destroyed them, and they were stored away in a block of ice. The birds brought her

robes of butterfly wings, softer than silk and more beautiful than velvet. Her sandals were from the wings of the honey bee, stronger than reindeer skin and fleetier than a chamois' foot.

Spring passed away. Summer came and went. The birds flew South and Lindu waited for the Northern Light's coming. Snow sparkled on the earth but no sound of his thousand white horses broke the stillness of the midnight air. Spring came but never the Northern Light.

Then Lindu began to weep and from her tears sprang up the little brooks in the valleys of Earth. The birds flew about her head and rested on her shoulders. They tried to caress her in a hundred ways, but Lindu did not heed them. Then they flew away and wandered in strange places, building nests where no nests were ever seen before. Many an egg was lost, and many a baby bird was stolen because Lindu was not near to help her birds.

At last, Uko heard the sad songs of the birds and then saw his daughter's grief. Uko's heart was always merry and his hands so full of work that he had not noticed Lindu's wanderings. He ordered the four winds to lift her gently and bring her to him in his sky palace.

She dressed in her bridal veil and robes and the four strong winds lifted her from the ground. The song birds of Earth gathered about her and sang their sweetest songs. With her white bridal veil streaming far out on the air and a happy smile on her lips, Lindu sailed across the sky to Uko's palace. There she lives now, happy as her father Uko. Her white veil spreads from one end of the heavens to the other, and whoever lifts his eyes to the Milky Way beholds the maiden in her bridal robes.

From there she directs her loved birds. From there she waves her white hand in greeting to the Northern Light as his thousand horses leap through the sky. She has forgotten his unkindness and her sorrow. The Northern Light loves her but is so changeful that he can never keep a promise. Uko has given Lindu her station in the heavens and her work. Forever beautiful and forever young, never changing, she forever smiles at the changeful Northern Light.

TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

RUSSIAN MYTH.

Once there was a man who decided to take a journey North, to the uttermost end of the world where it touches the sky. He thought he could reach that point only by sea, and being tired of the water decided to travel on the wings of an eagle. But a raven told him better for the nights are months long in the far Northland and the eagle loves the sunlight.

Then this man who was a king said he would fell the greatest oak tree in his three kingdoms, and he told Olaf, the brave, to do it. This oak tree was very large and neither the sun, moon nor stars could shine between its leaves, they were so close together. Strong ships should be made from its trunk, warships from its crown, merchant ships from its branches, children's boats from the twigs and maidens' rowing boats from the chips.

But the wise men of Norway and Finland assembled and gave the king advice. They

another mountain pouring out smoke. Soon the party came across great spouting fountains of boiling water and they found the ground beneath their feet to be burning lava.

The son of Sulev, who was leading this party, wandered through snowfields covered with ashes. A shower of red-hot stones showed him that he was near the volcano. Going too near this burning mountain his hair and eyebrows were singed and his clothing took fire. He rolled in the snow and saved himself.

The son of Sulev thought it best to return to the ship. Calling his party together he found that the youngest, the yellow-haired boy who was cupbearer to the king, was gone. The birds told the helmsman, the wise Lapp, that he had made friends with the water-spirits there and would never return.

The winds drove the ship about and they were grounded again on a strange shore.

Another party of nobles and sailors went to search this country. Being tired they lay down under an ash tree and fell asleep. The people in this land were giants and a giant's daughter found them. They were so very small to her she picked them up and put them in her apron, and carried them home to her father.

She said: "Look at these strange creatures, father. I found them asleep under a head of cabbage in our garden. What are they?"

The giant knew them to be men from Eastward. And the East has always been noted for its wisdom, so he questioned these men with riddles.

"What walks along the grass, steps on the edge of the fence and walks along the sides of the reeds?" he asked.

"The bee," answered the wise man of the party.

"What drinks from the brooks and wells, and from the stones on the bank?"

"The rainbow," answered the wise man.

"What comes hissing through the meadow, and rushing through the forest?"

"The rain," answered the wise man.

Then the giant told her to put them back just where she had found them, but the wise man asked her to carry them to the ship just for fun. She leaned over the ship like a vast cloud and shook the men out of her white apron upon the deck, then blew the ship four miles out to sea. The king shouted back his thanks to her for her kindness to his men.

But that wind blew northwest instead of

north. The cold was intense and they watched from midnight to midnight the combats in the air between the spirits of the Northern Lights. The sailors were frightened but the king was pleased. He was farther north than ever before.

The helmsman warned them of another shore. But no birds welcomed them nor named it for them. Men dressed in dog's skin and the skins of bears met them as they landed. These men took them to their homes on sledges of ice drawn by dogs. Their houses were blocks of ice and snow. When they talked it sounded like dogs barking.

The king did not like these people for their land was cold. The wise man told him that his search was an idle one. The end of the world was not for man's eyes to see. The king believed him and sailed back homeward. And no man to this day has been able to find the far North, the end of the world.

WHEN THE MUMMY WAS ALIVE.

"O, mother, what do you suppose father took us to see when we were in the city?"

"The animals down in the park, I presume. What was it, Kenneth? You remember names."

"An animal? No, indeed; it was something queerer than any living thing you ever saw."

"I never could guess riddles, children, so Kenneth must tell me if you want me to know."

"Why a mummy, mother. A real live mummy!" Then how the room rang with laughter. Such a funny mistake for Kenneth to make.

"No, I mean a really true mummy from Egypt. Died three thousand years ago some one said. Why he might have known Joseph and his brethren and talked with them!"

"You must go right back and ask that mummy, Kenneth, about the colors in Joseph's coat then. You know you have always been so anxious as to what kind of a garment it was," said naughty Isabel.

The mother shook her head at Isabel, but smiled a little, too. It was so droll to see Kenneth excited at last, and over a mummy.

"And, maybe this mummy saw the pyramids when they were just building them. Perhaps the sculptors were just carving the great sphinx then, too. O, mother don't you think that the mummy was the grandest sight in the city for us to see?"

Then the mother laughed. It did seem so odd for such a book-worm of a boy as Kenneth to become so excited. But it was this very habit of reading that had made the strange sight so interesting to him.

His mother, for lack of other company, had taken him to a lecture on Egypt during the previous winter. Kenneth was charmed with the sweet, clear voice of the lady who gave the lecture. She chanted an old, old threshing song which she had herself translated from rolls found in mummy tombs.

This song with its strange, wierd tune had delighted the boy. Everything about Egypt was charming to him after that night.

This love for the land of the Nile had been helped by his mother telling him a few of the stories she knew.

These stories, she found, he wrote down in a scrap-book which he had. Every page had some picture of Egyptian life on it. The pictures were gathered from every source. They were of many different kinds and colors, too.

His mother knew that this land was something of which no one could learn too much and it may be she had hinted to the father to take the children to see the mummy. One never knows how much mothers may know of such little plans.

"I am glad you enjoyed Mr. Mummy so much, Kenneth," said his mother. "Did you learn any new stories to tell me of the land of the lotus?"

"Yes, I really did; and I brought you some lotus seeds, too. Father bought them for me of a man who had charge of the mummy. We will never dare to eat them, will we? Just think one taste of these seeds and we will be in the land 'Where it is always afternoon.' We will have to get our Tennyson and read 'The Lotus-eaters' won't we, mother?"

"Not to-night, dear. Now Kenneth tell the new story and then you must go off to sleep. You will surely need no lotus seeds to-night after your long journey."

Each one found his or her own cozy resting place on sofa or in an easy chair. Kenneth sat Turk-fashion on the tiger-skin rug and told this tale.

"Father bought me a new book. It was full of stories translated from rolls found in mummy-cases and tombs, just as that lady translated songs from rolls, too. You remember, mother?

"This story made me think of the way the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. And perhaps that is the reason the man happened to make such a story. See if you think so when I'm through. The story begins something like this:

"There was an Egyptian King who was tired of doing nothing, so he sent for his sons and wise men to tell him of some one who could recite to him some of the wonderful things that had happened in other years.

"Then his sons said they knew of many such things and would tell them to King Khufu. The oldest son told his story and King Khufu waited for the second son, Baufra.

"Baufra said, 'I will tell thy majesty of a wonder that came to pass in the days of old.

'One day the King Seneferu was weary. He went through his palace seeking pleasure but found none. And he said, "Haste, bring me the chief reciter and scribe of the rolls."' "

"They brought the scribe. The king said:

'I have hunted for delight and have found none in my palace.'

"The chief reciter and scribe said:

'Leave the palace, go out upon the deep lake. Take thy wife and the fair maidens, her friends, and go and see the sweet fields and the grassy shores.'

"His majesty ordered the boat and entered it with his wife. The maidens did the rowing. They rowed up the lake and down the lake. But one of the girls who was steering lost a jewel from her hair.

"She stopped her singing and her rowing.

'Why do you not row?' asked the king.

'Our little steerer will not row,' was the answer. 'She has lost the jewel from her hair.'

'Row on,' said the king, 'I will give you one in place of it.'

"But the little one was not to be satisfied.

'I want my own piece back in its setting.'

"Then the chief reciter and scribe came and said, 'I will get it for her.'

"He said a magic speech and the waters parted. There lay the jewel on a bit of a clay vase at the bottom of the lake. The waters stood like a great wall twenty-four cubits high. He said the magic speech and it rose to the top of the water. The waters where they came back were twelve cubits deep. The chief scribe and reciter gave the jewel to the king. The king caused it to be given to the maiden. Then the little steerer went on with her rowing and all were happy."

Kenneth got up from his rug, made a bow and said, "The chief reciter is done."

"Maybe that mummy was Baufra," said little Carl.

"Such stories and stranger ones were told for entertainment when the mummy was alive. Indeed, they are told in Egypt in the same way to this day," remarked the mother.

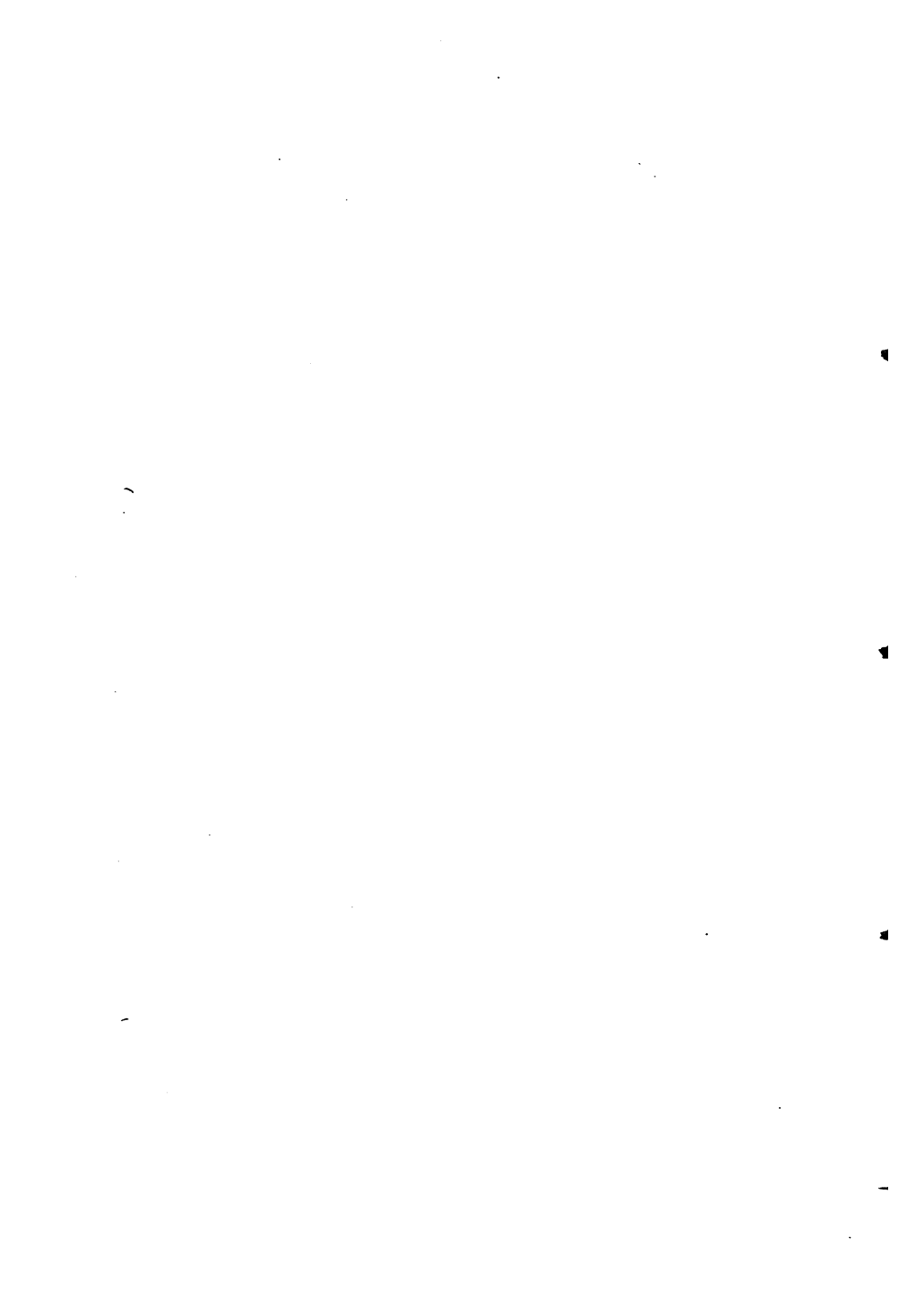
"Well," said Isabel, "I learned one thing, and that is that even kings are tired and weary in their palaces."

"Yes, and I noticed that he went into the country to get rested," said another of the little group.

"I wish I could learn to translate those strange old rolls, mother."

"Who knows, Kenneth, but you may in time? You must begin to save strength for it now by going to bed early. Come 'Chief Reciter' and every one, we will say good night."

In another half-hour they were all asleep and dreaming that they had all eaten the lotus seeds and that they came "Unto a land in which it seemed always afternoon."—*Egyptian tale translated by W. M. Flinders Petrie.*



SCHOOL EDUCATION HELPS.

SKYWARD AND BACK

Stories of Natural Phenomena for
First and Second Grade.

—BY—

LUCY M. ROBINSON.

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The Sky.

Look at the sky !

The sky is blue.

The blue sky is far away.

See the sun in the sky !

The sun is far, far away.

The sun is round.

It is a sphere.

Does the sun spin ?

The sun is high in the sky
now.

Can you look at the sun ?

No, it is so bright.

Beautiful, bright sun !

Beautiful, blue sky !



Can you go
to the
clouds?

Yes, you
can go to
the clouds

in a balloon.

Can you go to the sun?

No, it is so very far away.

Some clouds are gray.

Sometimes they hide all
the blue sky.

Some nights they hide the
moon.

Some nights they hide all
the stars.

The Water-Fairies.

The water-fairies are friends
of the air-fairies.

Their home is in the water.

They rest in the lake.

They run in the river.

Giant Gravitation helps
them to run fast.

He wants them in his
ocean.

He rocks them there.

The sunbeams make the
water-fairies warm.

When they get very warm
they want to fly.



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